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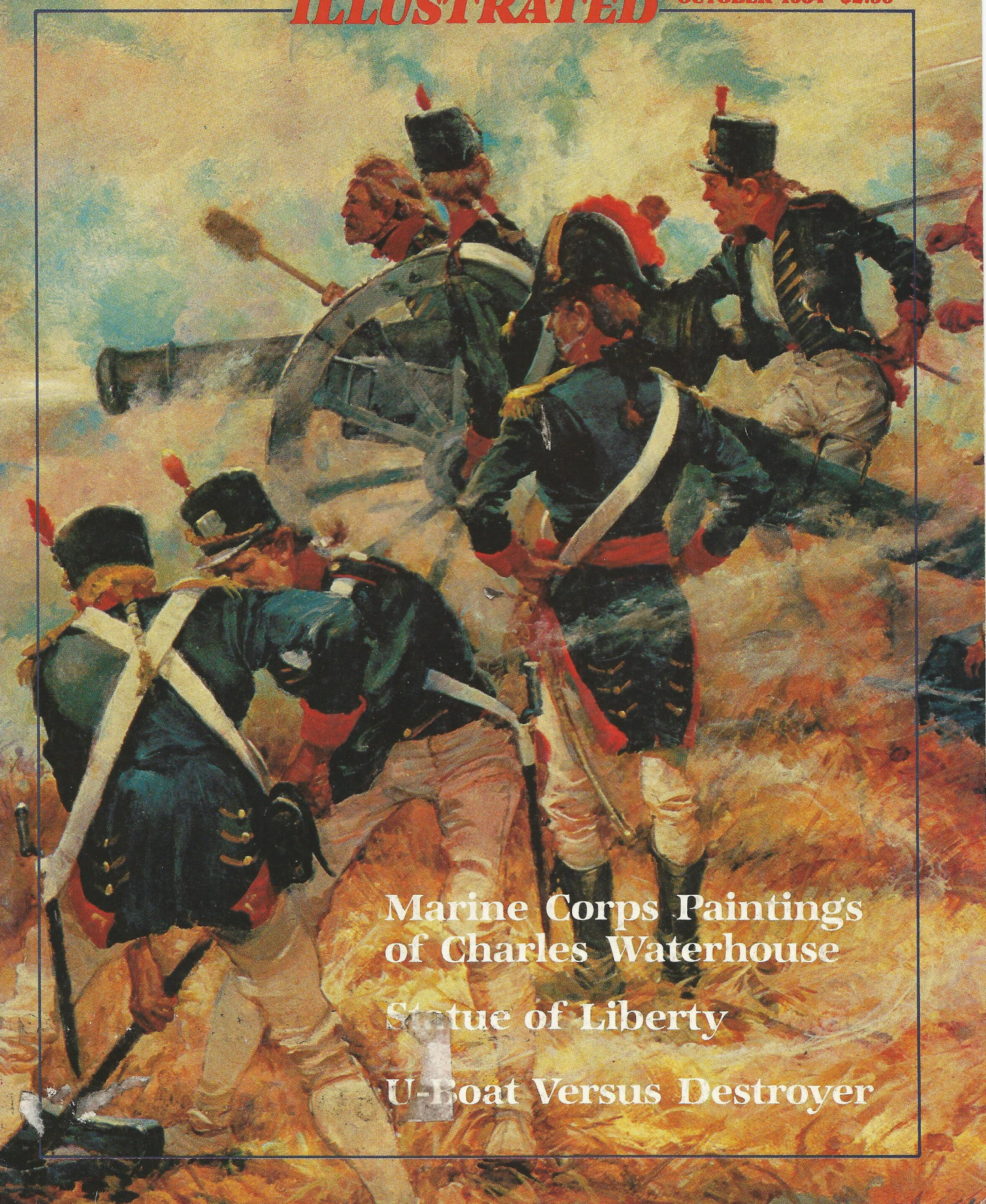

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VOLUME XIX, NUMBER 6 OCTOBER 1984

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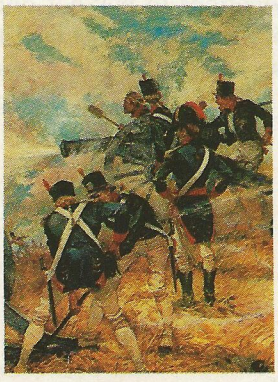

Cover

Reminiscent of art from America's Golden Age of Illustration at around the turn of the century, the scene on the cover of this issue was actually created in 1983. It is the work of Colonel Charles Waterhouse, artist-in-residence for the U.S. Marine Corps, and depicts U.S. Marines under Captain Samuel Miller (center) holding the line against advancing British troops near Bladensburg, Maryland, during the War of 1812. More paintings by Charles Waterhouse appear on pages 22–29.

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Editor's Desk

It's been nearly twenty years since I made my first and thus-far only visit to the Statue of Liberty. Memories of my impressions on that now-distant occasion remain vivid, if fragmented: simultaneous fascination and revulsion at the dirtiest bottle of dried-up mustard I'd ever seen, at the dockside hot dog stand where I bought lunch; the exhilaration of the ferry ride across New York harbor to Liberty Island; awe upon gazing up at the towering and majestic figure from close range; the drudgery of the long, very slow, and crowded climb up the stairway circling through the monument's stifling interior; surprise at the graffiti (much of it done with lipstick—spray cans weren't yet in vogue) that seemed to cover every inside surface within reach; and the thrill of seeing the harbor and skyline from Liberty's lofty crown—an experience that made the inconveniences and long climb worthwhile. I hope to visit Liberty again someday.

One thing that I didn't see or realize at that time was (as is pointed out elsewhere in this issue) that over the years the Statue of Liberty has been deteriorating. Rivets have pulled away from her copper shell, ironwork has corroded, water has leaked through the imperfectly remodeled torch, and her high-reaching right arm has weakened.

Now, on the eve of Liberty's hundredth birthday, she is receiving a much-needed renovation. The cost of repairing her in time for her centennial celebration will be high—around $29 million.

Liberty was a gift from the private citizens of France, and the pedestal she stands on was paid for by contributions from tens of thousands of American citizens. It can honestly be said that she is one piece of America we all own, and she represents something that we all value. It is highly appropriate that we all have a part in her rebirth.

The Statue of Liberty-Ellis Island Foundation is seeking $230 million in donations to pay not only for Liberty's restoration but also for renovation of nearby Ellis Island, gateway for millions of immigrants during 1892–1954. It is a worthy undertaking, and one to which I—and I hope, many of you—will be contributing.

Ed Holm
Editor

Tax-deductible gifts for the renovation of the Statue of Liberty and Ellis Island can be sent to: The Statue of Liberty-Ellis Island Foundation, Inc., P.O. Box 1992, Church Street Station, New York, NY 10008. Telephone 1-800-USA-LADY.

American History Today

New Artifacts Uncovered at Custer Battlefield

A grass fire sweeping the arid Montana prairie on a hot August day could be devastating. But to Custer Battlefield National Monument in Montana, just such a fire in August 1983 uncovered an archeological treasure chest, subsequently explored, that is shedding new light on the fate of some 260 cavalrymen slain June 25, 1876 by Sioux and Cheyenne Indians in Custer's famous Last Stand.

A five week archeological survey which began last May 7 and concluded June 10 revealed 1,878 artifacts, including bullets, arrowheads, a leather boot, and numerous parts of soldiers' skeletons. The survey team included one hundred volunteers, who, with the aid of three archeologists, conducted the first inch-by-inch mapping of the entire battlefield in an attempt to uncover unmarked graves of twenty-eight soldiers whose remains were never found following the battle.

Although the survey did not yield the missing soldiers near the Grey Horse Ravine, where members of Custer's Company E were said to have made their last stand, the number of artifacts far exceeded park officials' hopes, revealing important information about battle movements and types of weapons used by the Indians.

Metal detectors, water witches, and even a psychic participated in the unusual dig in the area also known as Deep Ravine.

Public interest in young Lt. Col. George A. Custer's downfall has remained high for over a century, partially because no white survivors remained to tell the woeful story of the battle. Over two hundred headstones placed in haphazard clusters indicate the suddenness of the soldiers' fate in what would have been a relatively unimportant skirmish had it not been for the mystery shrouding events the soldiers took to their graves.

Soldiers' bodies were hastily buried in shallow battlesite graves three days after the defeat; a year later they were more deeply buried on the battlefield. In 1881, the remainder of the bodies were exhumed and moved to a mass grave at the top of a treeless hill where the Custer Monument now stands. Remains believed to be those of Custer were buried at the U.S. Military Academy at West Point, New York. Park historians estimate that a large percentage of the grave markers erected by the army are in the wrong location.

Other discoveries included musket balls and shell casings from state-of-the-art Henry rifles and buffalo guns, as well as cavalry cartridges taken from dead soldiers that may have been fired from larger caliber Indian weapons; a canteen stopper, rifle sling, and even an 1870 nickel turned up on archeologists' spades. A rubber button bearing the imprint "Goodyear, 1850" was also uncovered.

All artifacts have been taken to the National Park Service's Midwest Archeological Center in Lincoln, Nebraska, for analysis. A report of the findings is anticipated sometime in January 1985. ★

Eleanor Roosevelt's Centennial & Val-Kill

Eleanor Roosevelt, one of this century's most important and influential women, will be honored on the one hundredth anniversary of her birth, October 11, 1984, when the Eleanor Roosevelt National Historic Site at Hyde Park, New York, will be officially dedicated.

Restoration at the site, also known as Val-Kill, has been ongoing for several years, in an effort to establish a living, working memorial to the former First Lady as a reminder of her contributions to international human rights and her sense of community responsibility.

Val-Kill was Eleanor Roosevelt's favorite vacation spot, and later her home, where she entertained numerous heads of state.

During Franklin D. Roosevelt's presidency, Eleanor Roosevelt actively participated in many political and social spheres, becoming an advocate of the rights and needs of the poor, of minorities, and of the disadvantaged.

One of her concerns was rural unemployment. In 1926 a factory at Val-Kill was erected to house Val-Kill Industries, a cabinet-making enterprise designed to train local men, particularly farmers, to

reproduce early American furnishings, enabling them to earn an additional income during the nonagricultural season.

The operation flourished until 1936, when the Great Depression brought it to an end. The factory was later converted into a home for Mrs. Roosevelt. More than any other place, Val-Kill has been associated with Eleanor Roosevelt and the causes of civil rights and world peace for which she fought.

Mrs. Roosevelt was active in the United Nations General Assembly, the Human Rights Commission, the League of Women Voters, the American Association for the United Nations, and other organizations during her long career as a public servant.

In addition to Val-Kill tours, a traveling exhibit on Eleanor Roosevelt, called "The Roosevelt Special," is touring New York and the Northeast in order to reach thousands of people who otherwise would not have the opportunity to share in the centennial celebration.

Special emphasis on reaching young people will take The Roosevelt Special to many high schools, adding new dimension to the study of American history by making the subject come alive for students.

For further information on Eleanor Roosevelt's Centennial, call 1-800-ERC-1884. National Historic Site information is available from the Site Superintendent, Eleanor Roosevelt's Val-Kill, 249 Albany Post Road, Hyde Park, New York 12538 (telephone (914) 229-9115). ★

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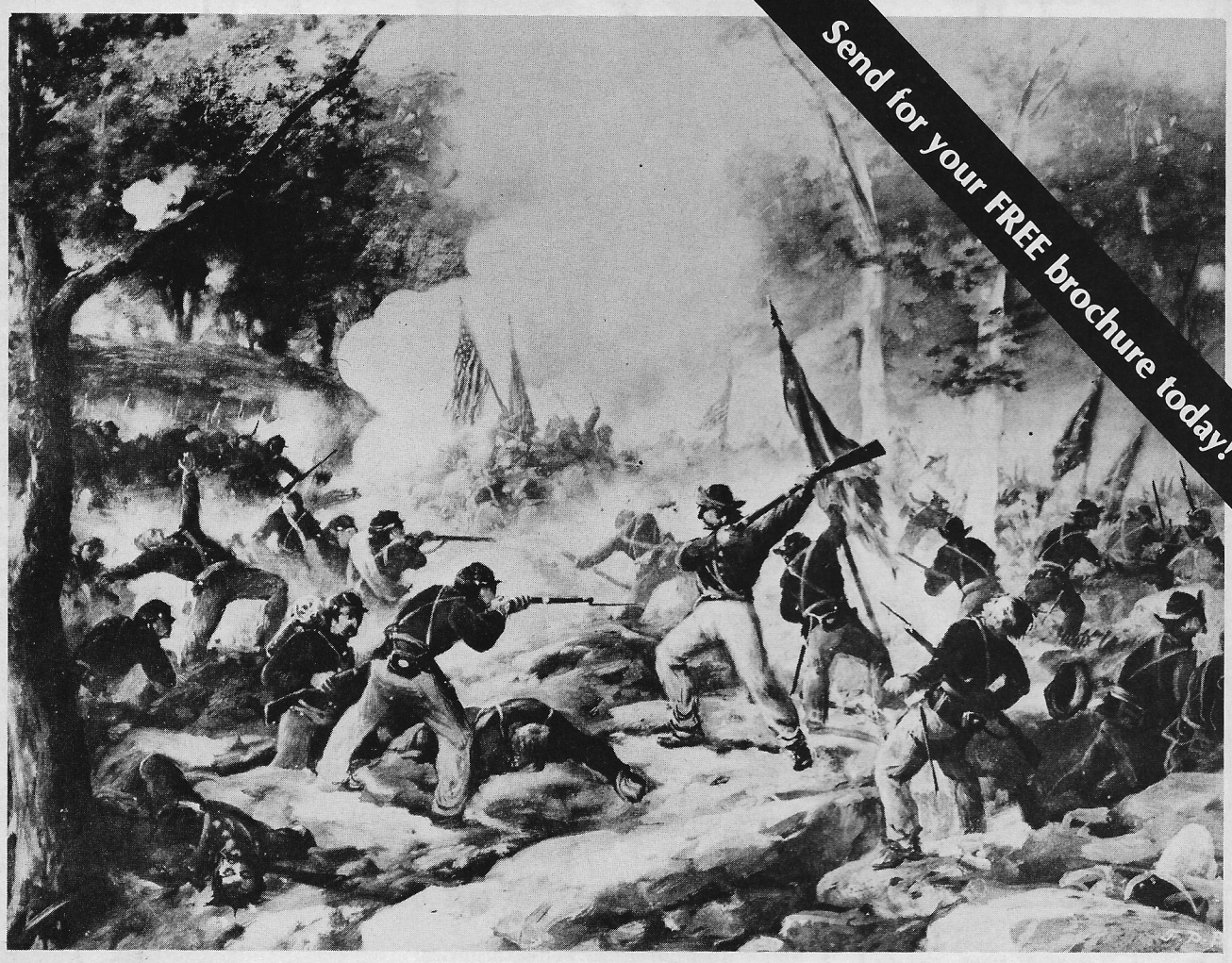

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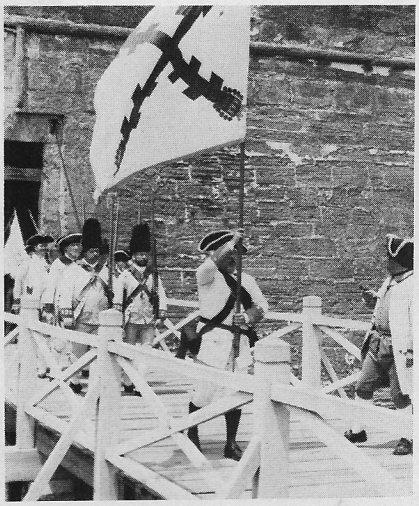
Transfer of Flags at St. Augustine Last Bicentennial Event



St. Augustine, Florida, America's oldest city, celebrated the last Bicentennial event of the nation on July 12 during a Transfer of Flags ceremony reenactment commemorating the two-hundredth anniversary of the return of East Florida to Spain from Great Britain in 1784.

The final chapter of the American Revolution closed when Britain released Florida, its only remaining stronghold in the colonies.

The colorful ceremony took place at historic Castillo de San Marcos, now a national monument under the auspices of the National Park Service. Participants included troops in authentic British and Spanish period uniforms; Florida governor Bob Graham, who portrayed Spanish governor Vincente Manuel de Zéspedes; and British consul Michael Hewitt, in the role of colonial governor Patrick Tonyn, who surrendered the keys of the Castillo. The remainder of the ceremony was held at Government House, the official governor's residence since 1604. Graham tossed commemorative coins from the balcony following his speech as "Governor Zéspedes."

Castillo de San Marcos, a seventeenth-century Spanish fortress, is the oldest masonry fort in the continental U.S., erected beginning in 1672 to protect St. Augustine, the first permanent European settlement in America.

Florida changed hands several times prior to 1821, when Spain ceded Florida to the United States at the end of its last period of rule over that territory. Spain had ceded Florida to Britain following the French and Indian War, but resumed control in 1784, ending twenty-one years of British rule over East Florida, a Loyalist stronghold during the revolutionary war years.

St. Augustine celebrated its 419th birthday on September 8. ★

New Museum of Church History

Major works of art as well as historical artifacts belonging to the collection of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints are now on exhibit at the recently opened Museum of Church History and Art in Salt Lake City, Utah.

Impressionist paintings created by American pioneers, molas by the Cuna Indians of Panama, Polynesian artifacts, and other items relating to Mormon culture worldwide are featured at the three-story museum housing about fifty-thousand articles.

Rotating exhibits feature various artists significant to Mormon history. The first such exhibition, held between June 1 and October 9, features over one hundred works by Danish immigrant painter C.C.A. Christiansen, including seventy never before seen by the public.

Several permanent exhibits include illustrations of the lives of the twelve presidents of the church; contemporary artists' works; portraits of the Mormon church's leaders; and the "Masterworks" exhibition, featuring art from the 1840s to 1940s, either by church artists or about Utah history.

Coming this fall are a Le Conte Stewart exhibition of over 225 pieces (November 3, 1984–Spring 1985), and Biblical paintings by turn-of-the-century British watercolorists (November 14, 1984–January 2, 1985).

The museum is located at 45 N. West Temple Street near historic Temple Square. The museum store offers catalogs, posters, prints, and post cards. Films and orientation about the museum and exhibits are held in the museum theater.

Hours are 9 A.M. to 9 P.M. weekdays, and 10 A.M. to 7 P.M. on weekends (closed Thanksgiving, Christmas, New Year's Day, and Easter). ★

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It was early 1942, just off the U.S. Atlantic Coast. In Operation *Paukenschlag*—"Roll of the Drums"—a small group of German submarines had achieved unprecedented success in sinking hundreds of thousands of tons of shipping, almost unopposed and with no losses of their own.

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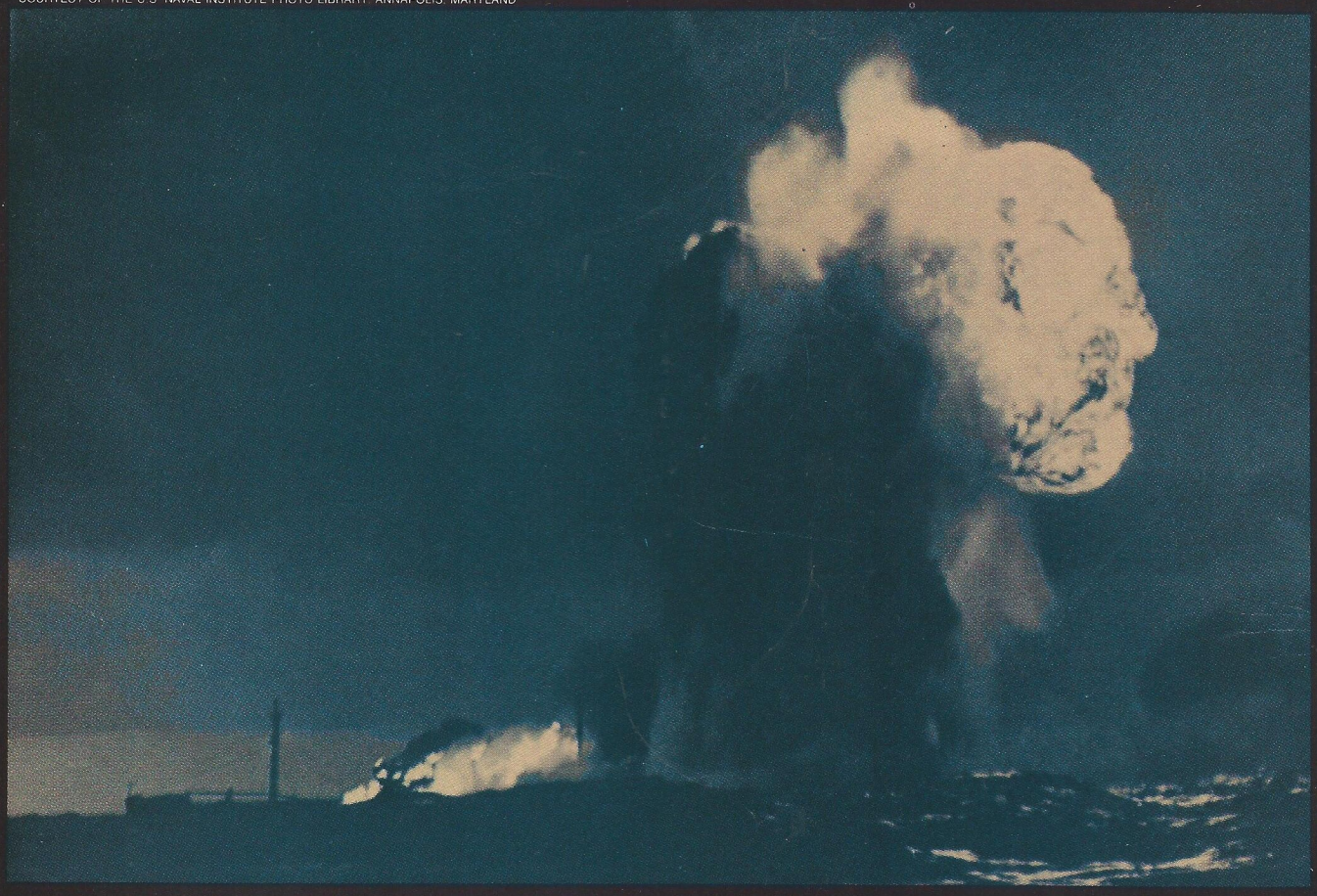

Into the breach the Americans had thrown a few patrol vessels and four aging destroyers. Sooner or later submarine and destroyer would meet.

THE NIGHT OF THE ROPER

by Homer H. Hickam, Jr.

Part I of Two Parts

On March 2, 1942, Admiral A.W. Watson, commandant, Fourth Naval District, scribbled his signature on a letter covering a packet of secret documents destined for Admiral Ernest J. King, chief of United States Naval Operations. He pushed the packet across his desk to the courier, glad to get it out of his sight. Inside the packet was an intelligence report concerning the sinking of the destroyer USS *Jacob Jones* (DD-130). In eight blood-chilling single-spaced pages, the report told how the old World War I-era destroyer, affectionately known as the "Jakie" throughout the fleet, had died in the early morning hours of February 28, 1942, off the southern coast of New Jersey. Admiral Watson was intensely aware that the sinking was more than the loss of one warship. It was a disaster with possible profound implications to the survival of the country.

The *Jacob Jones* had been in her own waters, close to the New Jersey shore, running a routine antisubmarine patrol. Although she had been built in 1917, she was a competent, well-armed vessel. When death came, it came swiftly with no warning whatsoever. Two torpedoes, then a third one hit in rapid succession, one detonating beneath the ship's magazine in a horrendous fireball that totally destroyed the bridge and officers' quarters. Another torpedo struck forty feet forward of the fantail, tearing off everything above the keel plates and shafts. The *Jacob Jones*, making fifteen knots when hit, went completely and almost instantaneously dead in the water, her broken stern swirling away into the darkness. What was left of the bewildered crew stumbled to the tilted deck. All engines were dead, and there was almost no sound except for the cries and moans of the wounded and the lapping of the calm sea against the buckled sides of the ship. A single officer, an ensign burned almost beyond recognition, appeared from the hell of the bridge, babbling incoherently. Some sailors grabbed him and held him down as he writhed in agony.

As the "Jakie" began to sink, the men turned to see a single spotlight off to starboard playing over the hulk. It was a German U-boat. Silently, they watched as the U-boat slid past and then disappeared into the darkness. Sailors began jumping overboard with planking, life rings, the few remaining life rafts, anything they could find for flotation. Out of the two hundred officers and crew of the *Jacob Jones*, approximately forty were still alive. Someone had helped the lone officer, identified only as "Ensign Smith" in the report, into a life raft. He was dying in agony, his cries trailing off into whimpers. Still, the survivors felt they had a good chance. They were only a few miles off their own coast; help would soon be on the way.

Several hours later, the *Eagle*, a converted yacht the Coast Guard was using, happened on the scene. Instead of finding forty sailors waiting for rescue, the Coast Guardsmen found only eleven badly injured men floating in an oily sea. There had been one final horrendous act in the death of the *Jacob Jones*. To be ready for attack, the ship's depth charges had been armed and set to explode at a depth of fifty feet. When the stern went under, the depth charges began to go off. First one, directly under the life raft containing the stricken ensign, then the others detonated sending massive shock waves through the water and literally exploding the internal organs of the men above. The "Jakie" had died gruesomely, and so had her crew.

When Admiral King received the intelligence report concerning the *Jacob Jones*, he recognized it as the ultimate display to him and the United States government that the Atlantic seaboard was now effectively under the control of Germany's National Socialist government. Even American warships were not safe there. A deadly battle had begun, a battle the United States and its allies could not afford to lose. Many ships and men would have to die in this most important battle, a battle that still has no name. The outcome would remain in doubt until a sudden, violent event occurred one night that would mark a turning point. It was to be a night of pain, a night of fear, and a night of death—the night of the *Roper*.

Opposite: An exploding tanker was photographed from the U-boat that torpedoed her, somewhere off the U.S. East Coast during the early days of World War II.

The Roper

The sea off North Carolina is a deceptive place of beauty and quiet, crystal blue water, but it can change in a moment to a cold, gray sea churning under a hellish wind. Every mile on these waters is over the bones of ships that have fallen into what is known as the Graveyard of the Atlantic—victims of this caprice of nature where the warm Gulf Stream meets with icy arctic currents to cause sudden, violent storms that can sink the tightest ship.

On March 8, 1942, the destroyer USS *Roper* (DD-147) entered the Graveyard of the Atlantic on her first antisubmarine patrol. More than just a caprice of nature awaited the *Roper*. U-boats had been extremely successful in the Graveyard, having already sunk nineteen freighters and tankers in the few weeks since they had arrived. The Germans were concentrating off the North Carolina capes on the important shipping lanes that not only carried food and cotton but also desperately needed oil from Venezuela and Texas. It was a choke point that would have to be opened at any cost. The *Roper*'s orders were simple: to patrol alone, working back and forth between the entrance to Chesapeake Bay down to Cape Lookout—right through the bull's-eye of what had become known as "Torpedo Junction."

Sixty-two-year-old Rear Admiral Adolphus "Dolly" Andrews had issued the *Roper*'s orders. Before the war had begun, Admiral Andrews had set up the headquarters of the Eastern Sea Frontier in New York City, from where he hoped to manage American coastal defense. All that

Two war vessels—a German U-boat and an American destroyer—

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Crewmen on the open bridge of a German U-boat en route to the U.S. East Coast conn the submarine through heavy seas, probably in mid-Atlantic. Once in the heavily-traveled shipping lanes off the United States, the U-boats remained submerged during daylight hours.

had been assigned to his command, however, were twenty ships (the largest was a 165-foot Coast Guard cutter) and 103 obsolete aircraft, many of which were down for repairs. This to guard 1,500 miles of rugged coastline! After Andrews' many impassioned pleas, Admiral King finally released several old destroyers, including the *Roper* and *Jacob Jones*, to antisubmarine patrols. The idea of escorting convoys of the vulnerable merchantmen up and down the coast was dismissed, even though it was used successfully during World War I and the British strongly recommended it. Admiral King still wanted his command intact to take on any assault by German or Japanese surface fleets. He would temporarily give up the old destroyers but not much else. The initial result of this decision was the sinking of the *Jacob Jones*. Despite the loss, Admiral Andrews kept the destroyer patrols going. If they could do nothing else, the destroyers could draw the U-boats' fire.

The *Roper*'s captain, Lieutenant Commander Hamilton H. Howe, harbored no illusions about his assignment. For one thing, he had been in the same company and class at the Naval Academy as the skipper of the *Jacob Jones*, Hugh David Black. He knew that there was not a more competent officer in the destroyer service than Black, yet the U-boats had easily sunk him and the shipping he had been trying to defend without a single loss of their own. Howe also knew his own command, and though he was proud of his destroyer, she was old, having been launched in August 1918. Referred to as a "four piper" by the navy because of her four oil-fired boilers and stacks, the *Roper* was 314 feet long and displaced only 1,600 tons. The *Roper* was armed with five 3-inch guns, six 21-inch torpedoes, and four 50-caliber machine guns in addition to two racks of depth charges and a K- and a Y-gun for propelling the charges on different patterns. The ship was almost identical in age and appearance to the *Jacob Jones*.

If the *Roper* had one strength, Howe knew it was speed. She could officially make twenty-eight knots. But on January 6, 1942, while en route to Argentia, Newfoundland, the *Roper* had easily reached thirty knots, and was still accelerating when a blower in the #1 fireroom shut down, discontinuing Howe's trial run at full power. The *Roper*, then, could easily outdistance any known German U-boat. Still, the *Jacob Jones* had been capable of the same speed and she had not survived.

The *Roper* was flying a solid blue SOPA (Senior Officer Present Afloat) pennant. Although Howe was captain of the *Roper*, Commander Stanley C. Norton, commander of Destroyer Division 54, of which the *Roper* was the flagship, was also aboard. "Commodore" Norton was a brusque, no-nonsense officer who had suddenly found

patrol on converging courses, bound for a fateful encounter.

COURTESY OF COMMANDER WINFIELD DELONG, U.S. NAVY (RETIRED)

Officers and crewmen on the starboard bridge wing of the U.S.S. Roper *(DD-147) observe a contact. The old "four-piper"—a World War I-vintage destroyer—was ordered to patrol sea lanes south of Chesapeake Bay in March 1942. One night in April, lookouts on the platform pictured above would see the twisting wake of a surfaced U-boat, and the track of a torpedo fired at the American destroyer.*

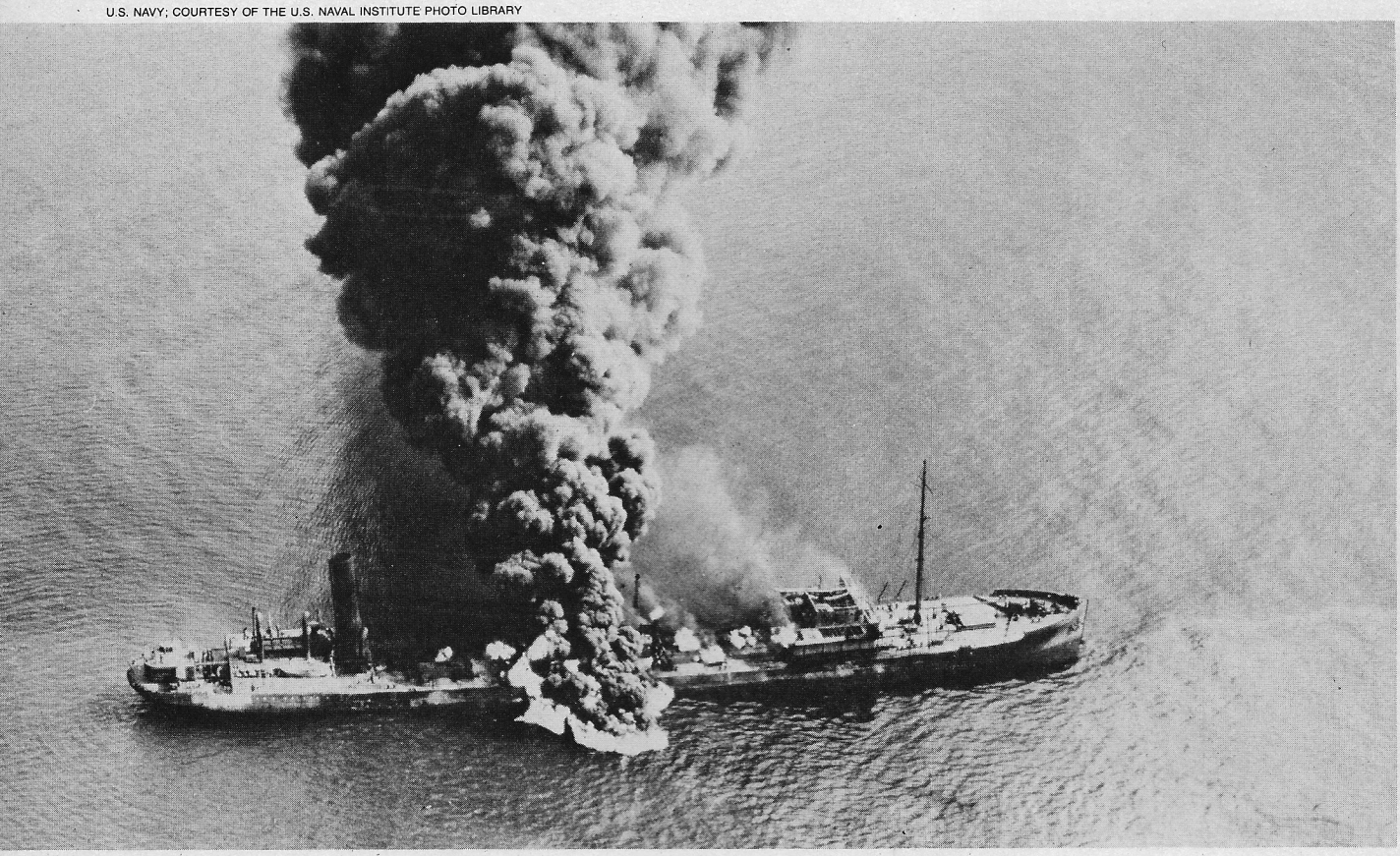
himself commanding a destroyer division that had been spread too thin for him to do much more than observe its activities. One of those destroyers had been the *Jacob Jones*. The others, the *Dickerson* (DD-157) and the *Herbert* (DD-160), were on alternating antisubmarine patrol and North Atlantic convoy duty. Norton could influence only the *Roper*, but in theory, his role even there was only that of an advisor. It was a frustrating command experience. Howe, aware of that frustration, did his best to defer to Norton and keep him informed of the *Roper*'s activities. Still, his presence was an uncomfortable one.

The *Roper*'s first day in the Graveyard was almost a disaster. Howe had been ordered to rendezvous just south of Wimble Shoals with the Coast Guard cutter *Dione*. The *Dione*, one of Admiral Andrews' beleagured coastal patrol, had been valiantly patrolling the Graveyard, which was, in effect, enemy-held territory. The crew was weary, having spent hellish weeks running back and forth between burning tankers and freighters, always too late to do much except pick up the survivors. The *Roper*, uncertain of the area, entangled her starboard screw in the cable holding a buoy just as the *Dione* approached. The *Dione* immediately began to screen the *Roper* just as if she were another merchantman in trouble, while the *Roper*'s embarrassed crew struggled to clear the heavy cable. When that proved impossible from the deck, the *Roper*'s engineering officer, Ensign Bill Mouquin, finally dove into the sea and pulled it loose. The *Roper* then began to make way only to have her steering gear jam. Hand steering was hastily substituted, and the *Roper* doggedly kept going until the *Dione* led the way over an unidentified wreck. Lieutenant Commander Howe thought this might be an excellent location to test out the new "teardrop" 600-pound depth charges he had on board to determine if they could be successfully dropped. The *Dione* moved away while the *Roper* slowly rolled the charges off her stern.

One thing that would be learned immediately about the new weapons was that they fell faster than the old "ashcans." The *Roper* just barely managed to get out of the way before the sea erupted in a roar of white foam, mud, and pieces of wreckage. The *Roper*, her seams opening and rivets popping out of the hull, shuddered in the tremendous shock wave. Immediately, the bridge received calls from all over the ship. The *Roper*, if not sinking, was leaking badly. Howe had no choice but to abandon his first patrol and head back to Norfolk for repairs. The *Dione*'s crew silently watched the self-wounded destroyer depart and then turned to continue their lonely, danger-

U-boats sank fourteen ships off the U. S. Atlantic Coast in January

U.S. NAVY; COURTESY OF THE U.S. NAVAL INSTITUTE PHOTO LIBRARY



Arriving off the U.S. East Coast about a month after the declaration of war between the United States and Germany, U-boats found easy pickings among the virtually unprotected merchant vessels. Two of the dozens of tankers hit by torpedoes during the winter and early spring of 1942 were photographed, above and opposite, from U.S. Navy aircraft. The tanker pictured on this page went to the bottom; the one opposite was successfully towed to port, repaired, and placed back in war service.

ous patrol. As the *Roper* droned north toward the safety of Norfolk, the crew suppressed a feeling of humiliation. Nothing, however, could be done. The repairs would have to be made before the *Roper* was seaworthy again.

On Patrol

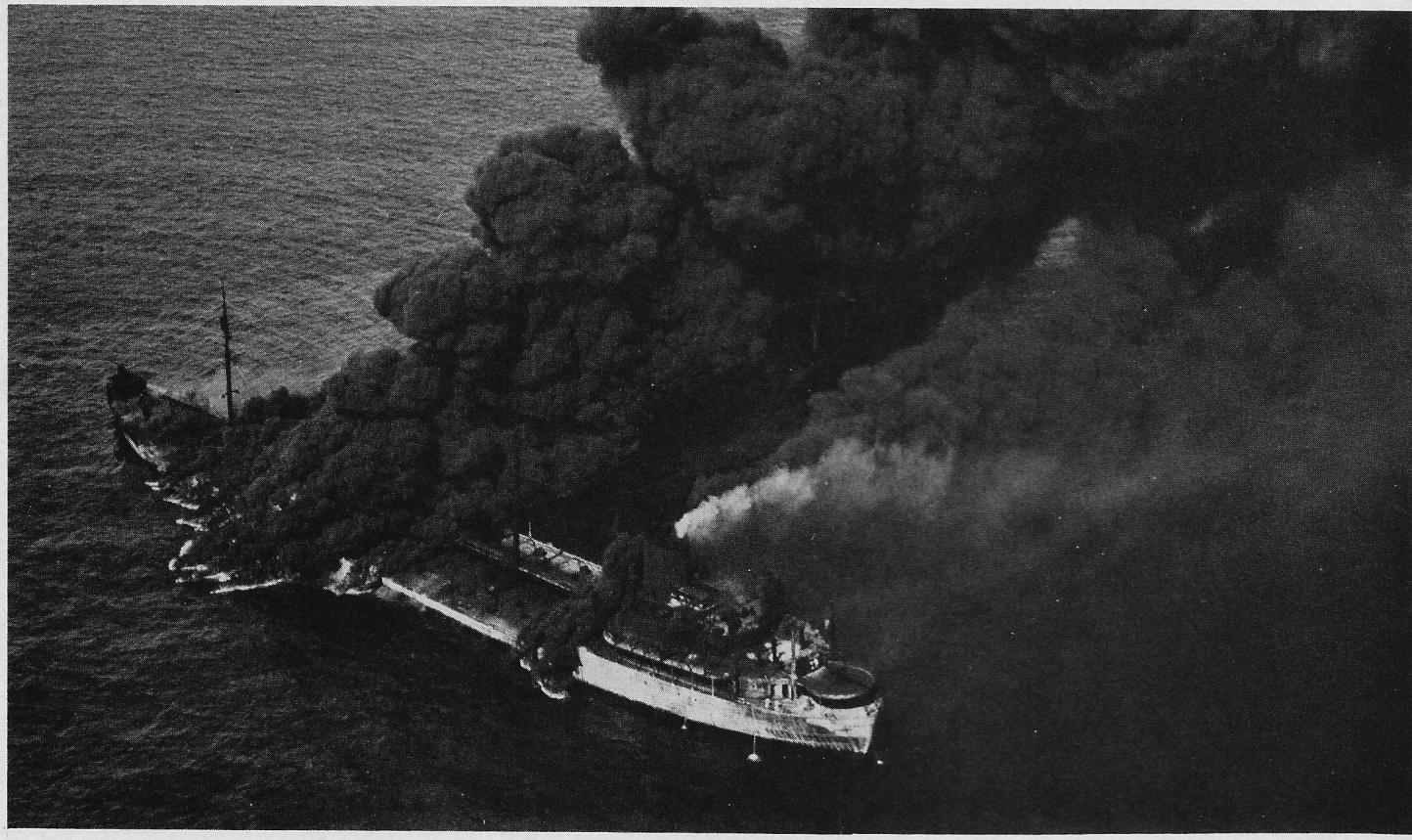
On March 20, 1942, after almost two weeks of extensive repairs, the *Roper* once again entered the Graveyard. On the way out of Hampton Roads, she had encountered the *Dickerson* hurrying into port. The destroyer was also on antisubmarine patrol and was not supposed to leave her station until relieved by the *Roper*. Strangely, the *Dickerson* was traveling much too fast for the channels and did not answer any signals. Unbeknownst to Commander Howe, the *Dickerson* had been given permission to return to port with her critically wounded captain. The destroyer had investigated a blacked-out freighter, the *Liberator*, the night before and had been mistaken for a U-boat. Lieutenant Commander J.K. Reybold, the *Dickerson*'s skipper and another classmate of Howe's, had lost his legs when the *Liberator* had blasted the destroyer's bridge with a round from its four-inch deck gun. Reybold later died, along with three of his crew.

Once on station, Howe learned that the night had been a horrendous one for all American ships in the Graveyard. In fact, German U-boats had sunk five ships, including the *Kassandra Louloudis*, the *Papoose*, the *W.E. Hutton*, and the *E.M. Clark*. Ironically, the fifth ship had been the *Liberator*. When picked up from the sea, the coxswain in charge of the gun crew aboard the *Liberator* had an exciting story to tell. Not only had a U-boat sunk his freighter at 10:15 A.M. EWT (eastern war time), but his ship had encountered another U-boat at 1:05 the same morning. The coxswain proudly stated that this U-boat had not been so fortunate, that he had fired two shots at the enemy and that both shots had been hits, and the submarine had subsequently turned over. He claimed a sinking. Some time later he was informed that his "submarine" had been, in fact, the USS *Dickerson*.

The *Roper* encountered a large oil slick just south of Wimble Island Shoals. An ugly smell permeated the air and the sea was black and sluggish from the oil. Howe decided to seek its source. Fires were spotted burning along the eastern horizon, sending stacks of smoke churning skyward. The *Roper* turned toward the smoke and then away, her path a planned zigzag by Howe to keep from giving any U-boats an easy shot. A body floated

1942; during February through April they added sixty-eight more.

U.S. NAVY; COURTESY OF THE U.S. NAVAL INSTITUTE PHOTO LIBRARY



by, face down, still in a life preserver. The lookout sighted it and yelled down, but the *Roper* kept going, pushing aside splintered lumber, crates, and more bodies bobbing in her path. Now and again the old ship shuddered as her captain ordered the engines speeded up and then slowed down; the speed changes, it was hoped, would do as much to confuse a U-boat as the zigzags. When the tanker's stern was spotted, Howe eased the *Roper* over to it, looking for signs of life. There were none. The tanker, *W.E. Hutton*, was not burning, but it was the source of the oil slick and was an obvious navigational hazard. Howe ordered his gunners to sink the hulk. The crew lined the rail to watch the effort at sinking the wreck and saw for the first time dead American sailors. It was a sobering experience. The *Roper* circled once and then moved away through the oil, splintered lumber, and bodies. The U-boat that had done this carnage might be just out of sight, waiting for the *Roper* to make a mistake and offer a side view of itself. Mindful of the lesson of the *Jacob Jones*, Howe meant to make no such mistake.

The *Roper* continued south. Howe kept zigzagging, his soundmen pinging and listening. As night descended on the destroyer, the crew on deck was presented with an unbelievable sight. Looking toward shore, they could see many glowing lights. War or no war, Americans along the coast were still freely burning street and advertising lights. Even the rawest bluejacket understood how this was helping the Germans. They had only to maneuver their U-boats out far enough to get their target between them and the lights. When a freighter or tanker came along, blacked out or not, it would be like a sitting duck. A cry from the lookout on the mast sent a chill through the crew on the bridge. *Torpedo!* It was too late to do anything but pray. The gray streak sped toward the destroyer and then passed under the stern. Howe ordered general quarters, and a few minutes later the soundman yelled back a contact. That was enough for Howe. He ordered a pattern of ten depth charges dropped and directed the *Roper* away from the scene. He recognized that the advantage was entirely to the U-boats, especially at night.

Daybreak found the *Roper* heading south off Cape Hatteras. Howe had ordered Ensign Mouquin to oversee the operation of the British-designed radar that had recently been installed. Though he had known little about radar, Mouquin had learned to operate and read the equipment by trial and error. Figuring out the way things worked was Mouquin's specialty. He had been put in charge of the *Roper*'s engines and boilers almost as soon as he had come on board, even though the navy had never given him any instruction on them. If he could learn about naval steam engines, he could certainly figure out radar.

Just as the sun was coming up over the horizon, Mouquin noted a contact. Howe turned to investigate and found the SS *Gulf Bird*, an American freighter, traveling alone past the capes. Most merchantmen figured their best chance lay in steaming rapidly and unobtrusively

The Roper's own depth charges opened seams and popped rivets.

U.S. NAVY; COURTESY OF THE U.S. NAVAL INSTITUTE PHOTO LIBRARY

The U.S.S. Roper *(above) was more than twenty years old when pressed into antisubmarine patrol duty off the U.S. East Coast in 1942, but she was still capable of a speed of thirty knots. Her armament, much of which is visible in this 1943 photograph, included 3-inch guns, 21-inch torpedoes, 50-caliber machine guns, and depth charges. A new design of streamlined, fast-sinking depth charges carried during 1942 proved almost as hazardous to the destroyer as to enemy submarines. Their explosions (as on the opposite page, photographed on another destroyer) caused massive leaks in the* Roper, *forcing a return to port for repairs.*

through the danger zones, avoiding both the Germans and the U.S. Navy. The *Roper* escorted the *Gulf Bird* for several hours, ensuring its safety at least for that time. When a sinking freighter hove into view, the *Roper* left the *Gulf Bird* to investigate. The freighter was nearly submerged, so its name could not be recorded [This was probably the freighter *Teresa*]. Howe dropped a depth charge after the soundman picked up a contact. Then the radar operator reported another "blip," and the *Roper* charged off to find the tanker SS *Gargoyle* also traveling alone. The *Roper* fell in with the tanker for an hour and then broke off, only to find the freighters SS *Tidewater* and *Cocique* loitering along—fat targets. Frustrated, Howe considered escorting the ships, but the other adversary in the Graveyard, the weather, was building into a full-blown squall. It lasted the night, and in the morning the *Roper* was riding a tumultuous sea.

Howe did not stop zigzagging, despite the weather. All day the *Roper* patrolled alone on an angry and miserably cold, gray sea. With the heavy new radar topside, some of the officers wondered about the old ship's stability. The Graveyard was known for huge waves that would seemingly appear from nowhere. But the *Roper* attacked the waves and kept going. That night, under orders from Norfolk, Virginia, the destroyer finally was able to get out of the weather by standing in to Morehead City, where a load of sixty depth charges specially trucked down from Norfolk waited for them. As the charges were being loaded, there was a flash on the horizon and then an ominous rumble. The freighter SS *Ohio* was the newest victim. Suddenly, men from the army's 28th Division, on beach patrol and guard duty, appeared to help the *Roper*'s tired crew load the remaining depth charges. Rather than wait for morning, Howe proceeded out of Beaufort Inlet, and by midnight the *Roper* was again patrolling the sea. Almost immediately a torpedo track was spotted, and the klaxon for general quarters grunted its anxious "URK-URK-URK!" The crew began to wonder if and when they might ever sleep again.

On the morning of March 23, a blood-red sun rose through a layer of heavy smoke on the horizon. The *Roper* was again steaming through an oil slick. Howe headed toward the source of the smoke and reluctantly kept his men at their guns. They had to be ready for anything. An hour later, the *Roper* found the U.S. Coast

U.S. NAVY; COURTESY OF THE U.S. NAVAL INSTITUTE PHOTO LIBRARY

Guard cutter *Dione* in the midst of a rescue operation. Two small converted yachts, the *Osprey* and the *Umpqua*, were also standing by to assist. It was a grisly scene. The tanker SS *Naeco* had been broken in two by a torpedo the night before and then had caught fire. Charred bodies were floating amid islands of still-burning oil and debris. The *Dione* moved in and out of the inferno, plucking out the few surviving crewmen, some of them wailing in pain from their horrible burns. Not fifteen minutes after the *Roper* arrived, the *Naeco*'s stern suddenly sank, taking with it several screaming crewmen. All the *Roper* could do was to provide a screen to the rescue. The ship was too big to conduct the kind of careful picking through the wreckage that needed to be done. Only fourteen survivors were picked up.

For the rest of that day and all of the next, the soundman reported numerous contacts. The crews stayed at general quarters as depth charge runs were repeatedly made, resulting only in opening up the *Roper*'s seams again. Boatswain's Mate Harry Heyman, a young volunteer from Pennsylvania, kept a journal during the *Roper*'s stint in the Graveyard. By the time the destroyer had turned once more toward Norfolk for repairs, it seemed to Heyman and his fellow sailors that they were caught up in something diabolical. "This torpedo junction," he wrote, "is hell." Had Howe been able to enter Heyman's thought in the official log, he would have probably added only an "amen." Everyone was tired, and Howe saw no way to succeed in his mission. The U-boats held too many cards. The *Roper* was just another potential victim in the Graveyard of the Atlantic.

The U-85

The U-boat captains would have heartily agreed with Commander Howe. After the attack on Pearl Harbor, the German government agreed to release five of the then ninety-one operational U-boats to Admiral Karl Doenitz, commander of the German flotilla, for an American operation. Doenitz told his commanders to strike hard and fast and to get out if the Americans proved too tough. The plan was a gamble, but Doenitz was as much a gambler as he was ambitious. He code-named the operation *"Paukenschlag"* or, in English, "Drumroll," the percussive herald of a significant event in an orchestral arrangement, symbolic of his hopes for this operation in the war.

As soon as the U-boats arrived on station off the U.S. coast, Doenitz began to receive reports of successful sinkings. The reports also said that the Americans had only light, hapless defenses—a collection of old destroyers, cutters, and converted yachts sailing about. A truth began to dawn on Doenitz; something was happening that he had not planned. His U-boats alone, he believed, could knock America out of the war! The United States could very well be the greatest industrial power in the world, but if it could not deliver its war materiel across the Atlantic, it was finished. Doenitz told his superiors that

Continued on page 47

STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF MISSOURI, COLUMBIA

UPHEAVAL ON THE MISSISSIPPI

Land and water became uncontrollable enemies of all living things during frontier America's great earthquakes of 1811–12.

A keelboat trip could be dangerous, people in St. Louis told British naturalist John Bradbury. He had nearly completed his American studies, and was in the fur-trading village in December 1811 arranging for transportation to New Orleans. Friends warned him of the treacherous snags that could send a keelboat to the river bottom in a few minutes. Nevertheless, Bradbury arranged early passage with a French crew carrying a cargo of lead. Had he known that a much greater danger lay ahead, he might not have been so eager to leave St. Louis. By chance he was setting out just before the beginning of the New Madrid earthquakes, greater in magnitude than any in the history of North America, including the San Francisco quakes in 1906. The tremors would subsequently be named for a village Bradbury would pass early in his voyage down the Mississippi River, in an area of southeastern Missouri known as the "bootheel."

The first shock came at about 2:00 A.M. on December 16, 1811. Scientists today estimate it to have been of magnitude 8.6 on the Richter scale. The next severe shock was on January 23, 1812, estimated at 8.4, and the most severe of all, at magnitude 8.7, occurred on February 7. Fortunately, there were relatively few casualties on what was then the United States' sparsely settled frontier.

Tremors and aftershocks were felt all the way to the Atlantic coast and continued for months between and after the major shocks. There were reports of cracked plaster in Richmond, Virginia, and of church bells ringing without a pull of the bell rope in Washington, D.C. But on the Mississippi River and in the river towns, the earthquakes did much more than crack plaster and ring bells. People thought the end of the world had come as land and water became uncontrollable enemies of all living things.

by Edith McCall

The year 1811 had been a strange year throughout. The people were convinced there had been many omens of disaster. Spring floods filled the rivers from bluff to bluff and spread for miles over the lowlands. Much sickness followed. When summer arrived, a heavy stillness hung over the lower Ohio and Mississippi valleys. It was remembered as being a summer without thunder in times of storms; there was instead a "subterranean thunder," a rumbling deep in the earth.

"A spirit of change and recklessness seemed to pervade the very inhabitants of the forest," an observer commented later. He told of "countless multitudes" of squirrels making their way southward to the Ohio

River and plunging into the water, many to drown in the murky waters. The sense of foreboding increased in the late summer when a comet streaked nightly through the sky—a sure sign of trouble to come, the frontier people said. When the comet disappeared in late autumn, the time was ripe for disaster.

Despite the warnings, John Bradbury embarked on his voyage to New Orleans. On the evening of December 14, he and his companions reached the village of New Madrid, located on the north bank of the Mississippi on a loop known as the Kentucky Bend. Bradbury thought it was a disappointing place, with only "a few straggling houses, situated round a plain of from two to three hundred acres in extent. There were only two stores, which are very indifferently furnished."

The crew set off again at about nine o'clock the next morning. Because keelboats could move faster than the cumbersome flatboats in which most of the frontier produce was transported to market at New Orleans, Bradbury's keelboat passed at least thirteen such vessels as it proceeded downriver that day. About thirty-five winding miles below New Madrid, the men passed a settlement called Little Prairie, at present-day Caruthersville. Farther downriver they approached "The Devil's Channel," a very difficult passage to navigate. They decided to leave this task until morning and tied up to a tree on a small island five hundred yards above the entrance to the passage.

"After supper we went to sleep as usual," Bradbury wrote in his journal, "and in the night . . . I was awakened by a most tremendous noise, accompanied by so violent an agitation of the boat that it appeared in danger of upsetting." The French-speaking crew cried out, "O mon Dieu! Monsieur Bradbury, qu'est ce qu'il y a?"

Bradbury hurried to the door of the cabin. The river was agitated and the noise was "inconceivably loud and terrific," he recorded. "I could distinctly hear the crash of falling trees, and the screaming of the wild fowl on the river." The boat was still safe at her moorings, but was rocking badly. The men had built a fire on a large flat stone on the deck at the stern, and they hurried back to extinguish it, although the shock had ceased. "But immediately the perpendicular banks, both above and below us, began to fall into the river in such vast masses as nearly to sink our boat by the swell they occasioned," Bradbury wrote. The most terrified of the boatmen was the "patron," the one in charge. He was of no help in advising Bradbury on what to do, crying out, "O mon Dieu! Nous périrons!"

Bradbury checked the time. It was 2:00 A.M. He gathered his valuable papers and money and went ashore on the island. By candlelight, he saw that the earth had split open, and found "the chasm really frightful, being not less than four feet in width, and the bank had sunk at least two feet." The length of the chasm was at least eighty yards, and at each end of the island the banks had fallen into the river. The men's lives had been saved because they were moored to a sloping bank rather than a steep one.

Lesser shocks continued. About 4:00 A.M. Bradbury examined the bank again by candlelight. Using his compass, he noted that each shock came from the same point, "a little northward of east, and proceeded westward." "At daylight, we had counted twenty-seven shocks during our stay on the island. . . . The river was covered with foam and drift timber, and had risen considerably, but our boat was safe," Bradbury recorded. "Whilst we were waiting till the light became sufficient for us to embark, two canoes floated down the river, in one of which we saw some Indian corn and some clothes. We considered this as a melancholy proof that some of the boats we had passed the preceding day had perished."

Just as Bradbury ordered the crew to embark, another severe shock occurred. The Devil's Channel loomed ahead, now so full of driftwood that passage appeared to be impossible. Bradbury, with an almost useless crew of terrified men, decided to give them time to pull themselves together and found a sloping island bank at which to tie the boat. He ordered the men to go ashore and prepare breakfast. Three more shocks occurred before they were ready to attempt the channel passage. He fortified each man with a "glass of spirits" to help in drowning the feeling of terror.

And so they set out, forced into speed by the swirling water, and having constantly to switch their course in order to avoid collisions with fallen trees. Bradbury wrote, "Immediately after we had cleared all danger, the men dropped their oars, crossed themselves, then gave a shout, congratulating each other on our safety."

About 11:00 A.M. another violent shock came, augmented by sounds, earthly and unearthly. Terror seized the men again. But then and afterward as they moved downriver, Bradbury and his men felt safer on the turbulent river than on land. They feared the falling trees and the ground suddenly dropping away beneath their feet.

The crew had another uneasy night as shocks continued at intervals. On their way the next day they were hailed by a group of about twenty people standing outside a log cabin. Bradbury talked with the people, who had gathered to pray for their deliverance instead of fleeing the area as had their neighbors. They said that a sandbar opposite the bluffs had opened, and as it closed the water had been thrown to "the height of a tall tree," and that inland the earth had opened in several places.

One man had an explanation for it all. He said that the comet—observed earlier that year—had two "horns," and that the earth, having rolled over one of them, was now lodged between them. The shocks were "occasioned by the attempts made by the earth to surmount the other horn." If the attempts failed, the end of the world would come.

Bradbury and his companions experienced shocks for three more days before reaching a more peaceful end to their voyage. On December 25 (a Christmas Day that was apparently ignored), a friend from St. Louis overtook them. He had been just above New Madrid when the first shocks occurred, and said that the village was now in ruins. The ground had sunk, leaving the townsite under water. The residents had gone to higher ground. This report proved to be inaccurate, however. The town was not flooded on De-

cember 16, but was completely submerged after the February 7 shock.

The first great shock had not been easy to live through in New Madrid. In 1816 a resident, Eliza Bryan, vividly recalled the sounds she heard that night: "hoarse and vibrating" thunder, the cracking sounds of trees splitting and crashing to the ground, the roaring of the river, the smell of sulphur in the air, the frightened people crying out and running about in the darkness of the night.

Another New Madrid resident wrote of the tremendous noise that woke him at about 2:00 A.M. He noted that the "house danced about and seemed as if it would fall on our heads." The family went outside and found it difficult to stand, for the earth was rolling in waves. The same resident also wrote of the change in the atmosphere. "At the time of the shock, the heavens were very clear and serene, not a breath of air stirring; but in five minutes it became very dark, and a vapour which seemed to impregnate the atmosphere, had a disagreeable smell, and produced a difficulty of respiration." The writer commented that at about 6:30 A.M., when he attempted to go to check on his neighbors, "The motion of the earth was about twelve inches to and fro . . . the earth seemed convulsed—the houses shook very much—chimnies [*sic*] falling in every direction. The loud, hoarse roaring which attended the earthquake, together with the cries, screams, and yells of the people, seems still ringing in my ears." Panic prevailed, and some residents fled, never to be heard from again.

The animals also behaved strangely. Cattle sought open ground, but "finding it convulsed, threw them into confusion," wrote an observer. "They ran about bellowing as in the greatest alarm and distress, seeking the camps of the people. . . ." Birds appeared to lose the power of flight and perched on houses, boats, and even on peoples' shoulders.

Little Prairie was nearer to the epicenter of the first shocks than was New Madrid. It was completely destroyed by daylight of December 16. Nearly one hundred of the people arrived at New Madrid on Christmas Eve, having gone northward because they heard less damage had occurred there. Among them was a miller named George Roddell. His mill had tipped over and his house had "sunk down considerably." Where swamp had once been across a bayou, it was now dry land. He and his family had tried to run across a field, but a large crack in the land stopped them and they turned toward the woods. Another shock came, and there seemed no place to go. In fifteen minutes they found themselves standing in water up to their waists. A Philadelphia newspaper reported, "As they proceeded, the earth continued to burst open, and mud, water, sand and stone coal, were thrown up the distance of thirty yards—frequently trees of a large size were split open, fifteen or twenty feet up. After wading eight miles, they came to dry land."

There is no detailed account of the damage from the second major shock. But between the earthquake of January 23 and that of February 7, there was increased activity in the waves of lesser shocks. Mrs. Bryan wrote that "the earth was in continual agitation, visibly waving as a gentle sea." Another person described the activity between greater shocks as a constant trembling, "like the flesh of a beef just killed."

By February 7, the epicenter had moved northeastward, near New Madrid. Most of the people had abandoned their homes and had set up camp or built "light wooden structures" on higher ground. This was fortunate, for on that day the shock toppled even the sturdy log structures and the river channel shifted leaving the town underwater. The damage to the soil was greater at this time than before, with craters appearing, reported to be from twelve to fifty feet in diameter and five to ten feet deep "from the surface of the water."

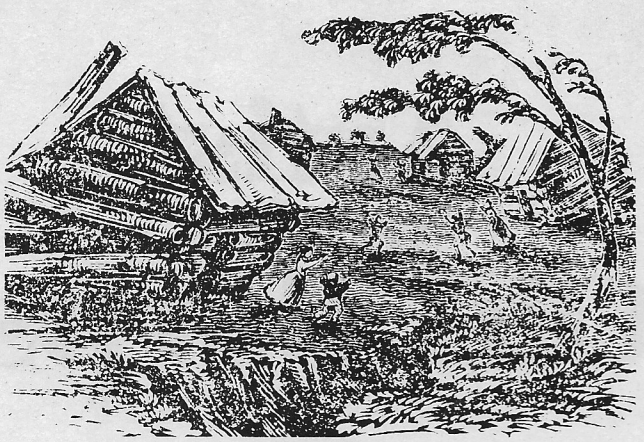
Just before the first earthquake, the *New Orleans*, first steamboat to descend the Ohio and Mississippi rivers, was waiting at Louisville for the river to rise enough so that the 125-foot-long and 42-foot-wide boat could be piloted over the Falls of the Ohio. Once over the falls, she docked briefly to drop off the pilot who had navigated the treacherous course. But before the engine was restarted, the timbers creaked and the boat shuddered. It was December 16, and the aftershock of that first quake had reached Louisville.

The pilot's skills were well tested the remainder of the journey, especially after the steamer entered the Mississippi River. Old landmarks had disappeared and new driftwood blocked the way. The most difficult part of the voyage came when the boat was below Little Prairie. One night the *New Orleans* was tied to a tree on an island. In the morning, it was still tied to the tree, but the island was gone. The skillful pilot got the passengers safely to New Orleans, arriving on January 12, and having the good fortune to be well ahead of the second and third major shocks.

A bit of justice appears in the tale told by a Captain Sarpy of St. Louis. He and his family, carrying "considerable money" aboard their boat, tied up on the evening of December 15, 1811, on an island known as Number 94, not far from Vicksburg. However, Sarpy discovered that they were sharing the island with a gang of river pirates. Under cover of darkness, he moved his boat a little farther downriver, where he and his family went through the earthquake trauma of that night. When daylight came, Captain Sarpy discovered that Island No. 94 had vanished, presumably taking the pirates with it.

A New Orleans merchant, Vincent Nolte, arrived at New Madrid on February 6 and was in his cabin on board his keelboat when the greatest quake of all came at about 4:00 A.M. the next morning. While other captains ordered their boats cut loose, Nolte risked remaining moored. He wrote later that the Mississippi River was "driven backward for several hours, in consequence of an elevation in its bed." When the waters rushed back, "boats, then floating on its surface, shot down the declivity like an arrow from a bow, amid roaring billows and the wildest commotion."

This upheaval resulted in the creation of two sets of falls, one about a half mile above New Madrid, and the lower some eight or nine miles downriver. The roar of the lower falls could be heard in New Madrid, and going over them was most frightening to those in boats caught in the pull of the current. But the action of the river itself leveled the falls in a



New Madrid during the great earthquake; an 1851 engraving.

few days' time, although the always hazardous snags had multiplied many times and danger was increased. Where the river spread over its banks during the reverse action, the water's force cut groves of young cottonwood trees as cleanly as if done by a woodcutter and set them afloat.

Timothy Flint visited with people at New Madrid after it was all over, and wrote of this action along the Mississippi in his *Recollections of the Last Ten Years in the Valley of the Mississippi* (1826): "A bursting of the earth just below the village of New Madrid, arrested this mighty stream in its course, and caused a reflux of its waves, by which in a little time a great number of boats were swept by the ascending current into the mouth of the Bayou, carried out and left upon the dry earth, when the accumulating waters of the river had again cleared their current."

It was after the "hard shock" of February 7 that the greatest upheaval befell the land as well as the river. Where there had been ponds, the land frequently was drained; new lakes and domes of land appeared. The largest and most evident change was in extreme northwestern Tennessee, where a forest sank and Reelfoot Lake formed, leaving the trees still standing as the lake filled to a depth of from five to twenty feet. Today, Reelfoot Lake is eighteen miles long and up to five miles wide.

Even in those early times, amateur scientists attempted experiments to detect earthquake movement, adding to knowledge of the geographical extent of the shocks and aftershocks of the New Madrid earthquakes. In Louisville, Jared Brooks constructed pendulums to measure vibrations and found they continued well into May, when his records stop. In Cincinnati, Dr. Daniel Drake kept detailed records of shocks in that area. These men and others concurred in finding measurable vibrations occurring through most of 1812. Reports came from Louisiana, Arkansas, Mississippi, Tennessee, Kentucky, Illinois, Michigan Territory, Indiana, and points eastward to Massachusetts. All down the Atlantic seaboard as far as Georgia vibrations were observed.

One hundred and seventy-two years have passed since the last major shocks of the New Madrid earthquakes. But all has not been quiet in that interval. There have been quakes measuring up to magnitude 5, notably one on March 25, 1976, centering in Marked Tree, a few miles west of the Mississippi in northeastern Arkansas. Microquakes, about magnitude 1, occur in the region with great frequency.

Studies have also increased to find the cause of the New Madrid earthquakes, the probability of a recurrence, and the probable effects of another series like that of 1811–12. The studies are part of the work of the United States Geological Survey and, specifically for the Mississippi valley area, by the New Madrid Seismotectonic Study Group, based at St. Louis University.

The earthquakes of the Mississippi valley region occur along fault lines that slip both horizontally and vertically. Three fault lines have been mapped in the New Madrid area, but they are embedded rather than on the surface, and detectable only with the use of modern seismographic instruments. In layman's terms, the quakes occur because of interaction between sections of the earth's crust and a very old, rigid, and immobile section known as a craton, which underlies this area.

Will another great earthquake come to the Mississippi valley? Yes, inevitably, say the scientists, but no one will predict *when*. As to effects, this is a matter of enough concern that commissions are already actively preparing for disaster. The area is far different than it was in frontier days. Today there are pipelines, utilities, bridges, highway overpasses —a multitude of structures that did not exist in 1811–12. But such is the nature of humankind that people have the strength to endure and rebuild should such a disaster occur.

And what of New Madrid today? A visit there gives no impression of anxiety. The town of about three thousand inhabitants is peaceful and quiet, with its back turned to the river that was once its lifeblood as well as its enemy. Beyond a levee, the Mississippi River flows by, dark and silent, giving no hint of the terrible violence of which it has proven itself capable. ★

Edith McCall has written more than twenty history-related books for young people in addition to her newly released work, Conquering the Rivers *(1984). For further reading she recommends James Lal Penick's* The New Madrid Earthquakes *(1981).*

Artist of the Old Corps

The U.S. Marine Corps Paintings of Charles Waterhouse

Rows of paintings lean against the walls of the north-lighted studio. Vintage rifles and muskets, period uniforms, helmets, and other artifacts and paraphernalia hang above stacks of books, picture files, plaster casts, and half-used tubes of paint. A mural-sized scene of men in combat covers most of one wall, and a forty-by-sixty-inch painting of horsemen riding hell-bent down a mountainside—its style reminiscent of America's golden age of illustration—rests on the tall easel near the center of the room. This might be a reincarnation of the workshop in N.C. Wyeth, Harvey Dunn, or one of the other giants of illustration from earlier in the century. And in a sense, it is.

One generation removed from the Golden Age, Charles Waterhouse is quietly carrying on the Brandywine tradition. And, as an artist-in-residence for the United States Marine Corps, he is establishing a tradition of his own—re-creating in dozens of meticulously-researched paintings the proudest moments of a few good men.

Waterhouse and his position as artist for the Marine Corps seem tailor-made for each other; without realizing it at the time, he has spent much of his life preparing for this role.

As a teenager during World War II, Waterhouse saw the combat art of Marine colonels John Thomason and Donald Dickson—an experience that instilled in him two ambitions: to pursue a career in art and to become a Marine. The Marine Corps came first. As an enlisted man with the Fifth Marine Division he saw duty in the Pacific and was wounded at Iwo Jima.

A civilian again at war's end, Waterhouse attended New Jersey's Newark School of Fine and Industrial Art on the GI Bill. There he studied under two disciples of the Brandywine school of romantic realism—William J. Aylward, one-time student of the dean of American illustrators, Howard Pyle; and Steven R. Kidd, who had learned his craft under Harvey Dunn, another Pyle student.

For the next twenty-eight years Waterhouse worked as a free-lance illustrator, completing hundreds of commissions for corporate and advertising clients and magazine and book publishers. Between 1966 and 1971 he also served as a volunteer combat artist, sketching military scenes for all four armed services in the United States, Alaska, and Vietnam.

In 1973 Waterhouse's combat art came to the attention of the Marine Corps Historical Center, which was seeking an artist for its Bicentennial project, an illustrated history of the Marines in the revolutionary war. Mustered back into active duty, this time as an officer, Waterhouse began work on fourteen forty-by-sixty-inch acrylic paintings, a task that with the necessary historical research involved him for ten to twelve hours a day, seven days a week, for fourteen months. He has continued, with much the same schedule, ever since. His paintings reflect endless hours of study, a sure hand, and a personal understanding (and often a sense of humor) that could only come from "one who has been there."

With his pictorial documentation of the Marine Corps now about a third of the way through the nineteenth century, Waterhouse still has an abundance of history to cover. And, although he is now one of the oldest Marines—and one of few World War II veterans—still on active duty, he appears to have more than enough enthusiasm to finish the job.

Like the works of the Brandywine illustrators who inspired him, the Marine Corps paintings of Charles Waterhouse bode to be enjoyed by Americans for generations to come.

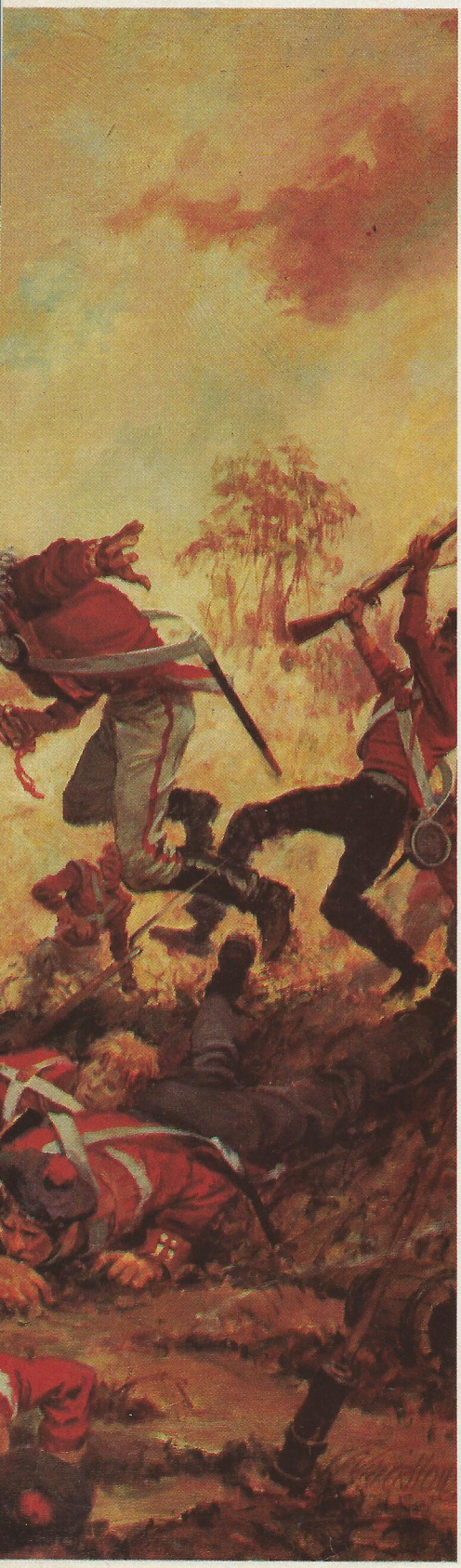
Paintings by Colonel Charles Waterhouse are on permanent exhibit at the U.S. Marine Corps Historical Center, Navy Yard, Washington, D.C.; at Independence National Historical Park, Philadelphia; and at the Ranch House Museum, Camp Pendleton, California. ★

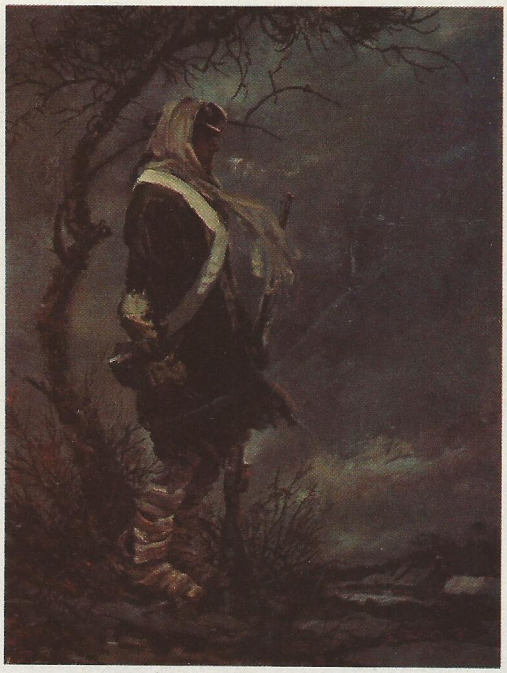
A detail from a Waterhouse painting (right) shows an episode from the Barbary Wars. Having completed a six-hundred mile trek across the Egyptian and Libyan deserts, a Marine detachment under Lieutenant Presley N. O'Bannon attacks Derna, Tripoli, on April 27, 1805, as part of an effort to restore a friendly ruler to the throne there. The detachment took the city, planting the American flag on its ramparts.

With our flag unfurled to every breeze

PAINTINGS COURTESY OF THE UNITED STATES MARINE CORPS HISTORICAL CENTER, WASHINGTON, D.C.

from dawn to setting sun





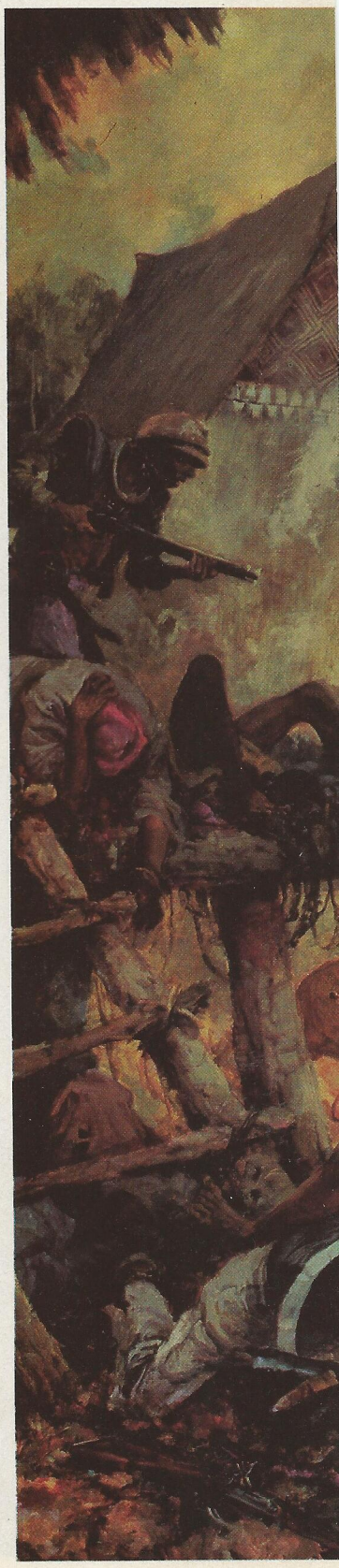
The U.S. Marine Corps traces its proud heritage to November 10, 1775, when the Second Continental Congress authorized formation of two battalions of Marines. Marines saw wide-ranging, often hard service during the American Revolution and thereafter. A Waterhouse painting above shows a Marine sentry with Washington's army at Morristown, New Jersey in 1777, during the worst winter of the Revolution. At left, in bitter hand-to-hand combat at The Battle of New Orleans in January 1815, Marines repulse troops of the British 93rd Highlanders. And across the continent (below), a spirited detachment of mounted Marines and sailors from the sloop Portsmouth *protects American interests in California in July 1846.*

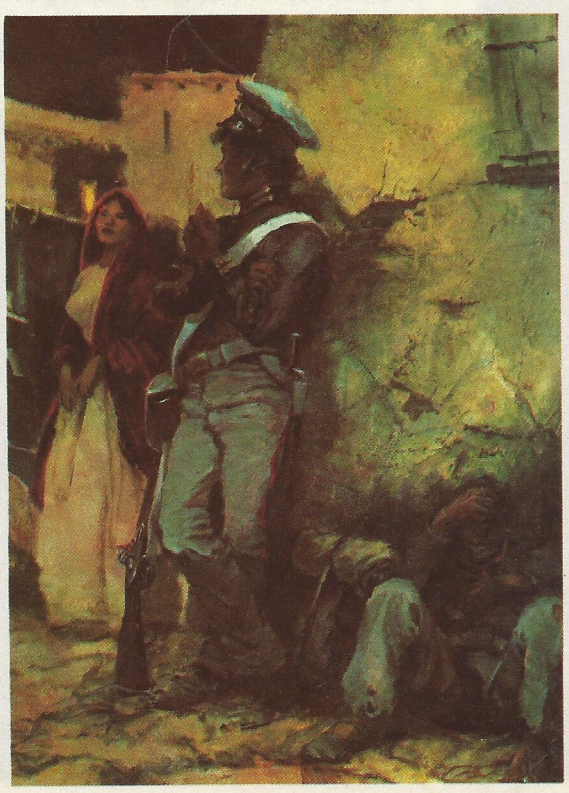
PAINTINGS COURTESY OF THE UNITED STATES MARINE CORPS HISTORICAL CENTER, WASHINGTON, D.C.

Fighting our country's battles on the land as on the sea

Where there have been warships there have usually been Marines. The Waterhouse painting above, depicting a scene from the Revolution, shows several on the fighting top of an American frigate during a heated battle at sea. At left, in an incident from the Quasi-War with France in 1800, men under Marine Captain Daniel Carmick route crewmen of the French privateer Sandwich *from their hiding places below deck. The boarding party from the frigate* Constitution *seized the privateer without the loss of a man, putting an end to its raiding activities. Below, Marines participate in the construction of three warships at Sackett's Harbor, New York, during the War of 1812 as part of an effort to halt an anticipated British advance on Lake Ontario.*

From the Halls of Montezuma to the



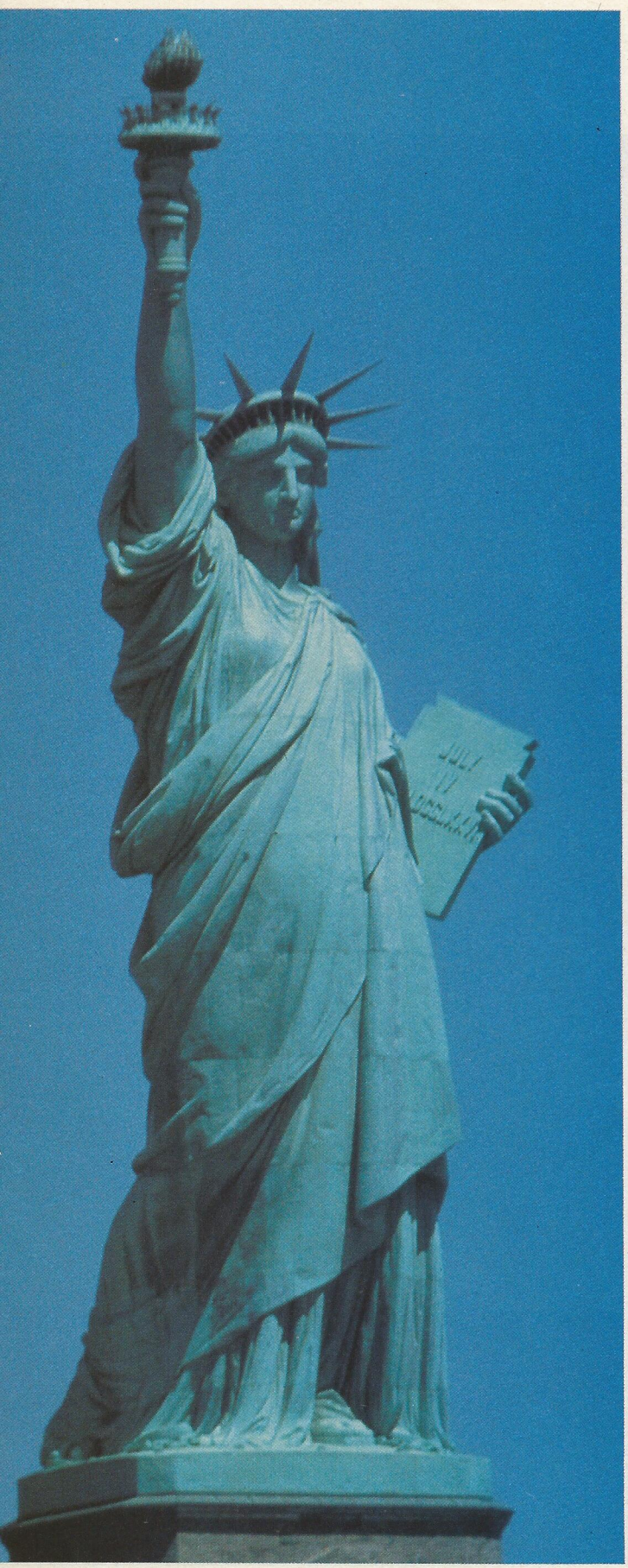


Many a young Marine enlisted to see exotic foreign ports, and seldom has one been disappointed. Waterhouse's painting above shows Marines reconnoitering a newly-abandoned Spanish fort overlooking Fajardo Bay, Puerto Rico, during a landing made in response to an insult to the American flag in 1824. In 1832 at Quallah Battoo, Sumatra (opposite), the Marine detachment from the frigate Potomac *engages in fierce but successful combat with Malay defenders of a pirate fort. In two-and-one-half hours of fighting, the landing party captured four forts. At Los Angeles in January 1847 (right), an off-duty Marine engages in another long-standing tradition of the Corps; the fighting at San Gabriel and La Mesa are over, and thoughts are of a more pleasant nature.*

shores of Tripoli

PAINTINGS COURTESY OF THE UNITED STATES MARINE CORPS HISTORICAL CENTER, WASHINGTON, D.C.

PHOTO PETER B. KAPLAN, STATUE OF LIBERTY–ELLIS ISLAND FOUNDATION, INC.



THE MOST LADY IN

Our nation's most-loved symbol worthy monument to the vision

Rain and mist shrouded New York harbor on October 28, 1886. But the inclement weather failed to dampen the spirits of celebrants at one of the momentous events of the decade—the unveiling of the Statue of Liberty on Bedloe's Island. The 2,500 guests at the base of the majestic copper lady—*Liberty Enlightening the World*—were only part of over a million spectators who lined the shores or watched from more than three hundred vessels filling the harbor. It was a day for patriotism and pride, and to the guests at the base of the towering 305-foot monument, a speaker's assertion that "Miss Liberty will always be the most beautiful lady in America!" seemed neither facetious nor exaggerated.

Twenty-one years had passed since the idea of a heroic monument honoring freedom first became the subject of conversation at a dinner party held outside Paris, France, in 1865. The host, distinguished legal scholar and politician Professor Édouard René de Laboulaye, author of a series of popular books about America, and several fellow admirers of American political institutions were discussing the theme of "appreciation between nations," and America's dedication to freedom and independence. It would be appropriate, the group agreed, for France and the United States to build a monument commemorating the close friendship the two nations had enjoyed since the American Revolution—"when that friendship," said Laboulaye, "supported by French sinews of war, helped turn the tide of victory to the side of the Colonies."

Laboulaye's project was postponed for ten years, delayed by the Franco-Prussian War. Then, on November 6, 1875, at an elaborate dinner meeting of two hundred Frenchmen and Americans at the Hôtel du Louvre in Paris, the Franco-American Union was founded with Laboulaye as president. Its purpose was to establish the Liberty memorial.

To design and execute the monument the union commissioned forty-one-year-old Alsatian sculptor Fréderic Auguste Bartholdi, who shared Laboulaye's regard for American freedoms, and who was already famous for his

by Peggy Robbins

BEAUTIFUL AMERICA

of freedom and hope is also a and persistence of her creators.

patriotic and symbolic statues glorifying heroic ideas, personalities, and events. In 1871, at Laboulaye's behest, Bartholdi had made a five-month visit to the United States, discussing the envisioned project with prominent Americans, and—during a cross-country journey that took him from New York to San Francisco—gathering impressions that would aid him in creating an image appropriate to this vast land of freedom.

By August 1875, having progressively developed his envisioned theme through a series of terra-cotta studies (using his own mother's features as guide for the face of the statue), Bartholdi completed a plaster model of the concept that would subsequently be accepted—a goddess of noble bearing, wearing flowing robes and radiant crown, and who, having broken the shackles binding her ankles, holds aloft the torch of freedom and enlightenment.

In 1876 the union sent Bartholdi back to New York to complete plans for the joint venture and to establish a site for the monument. It was agreed that French citizens would finance the statue as a gift to the United States, and that Americans would provide the site, pedestal, and base. At the sculptor's urging, Bedloe's Island (now Liberty Island), a twelve-and-one-half-acre, oval-shaped area in New York harbor located a little over one and one-half miles southwest of Manhattan, was selected. Bartholdi vetoed nearby Governor's Island because, he said, there New Yorkers would have to look at the lady's back. Actually, as early as 1871, he had perceived the possibility of Bedloe's Island as the location for a monument that would be plainly visible to all arriving at New York from Europe.

After settling the question of the monument's location, Bartholdi returned to France to complete the statue. Working from his precise four-foot plaster prototype of the goddess of Liberty, the sculptor went on to build successively larger models—a nine-foot reproduction, one-sixteenth the size of the projected monument; then

MUSEE BARTHOLDI, COLMAR, FRANCE, AND THE NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY, NEW YORK CITY

Temporarily assembled outside the workshops of sculptor Frederic August Bartholdi, Liberty Enlightening the World *towers over Paris rooftops in the spring of 1884.*

PHOTOGRAPHS COURTESY OF MUSEE BARTHOLDI, COLMAR, FRANCE, AND THE NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY, NEW YORK CITY

Surrounded by studies for his numerous commissions, Bartholdi poses in his Paris studio. A four-foot model of the Statue of Liberty stands at left center.

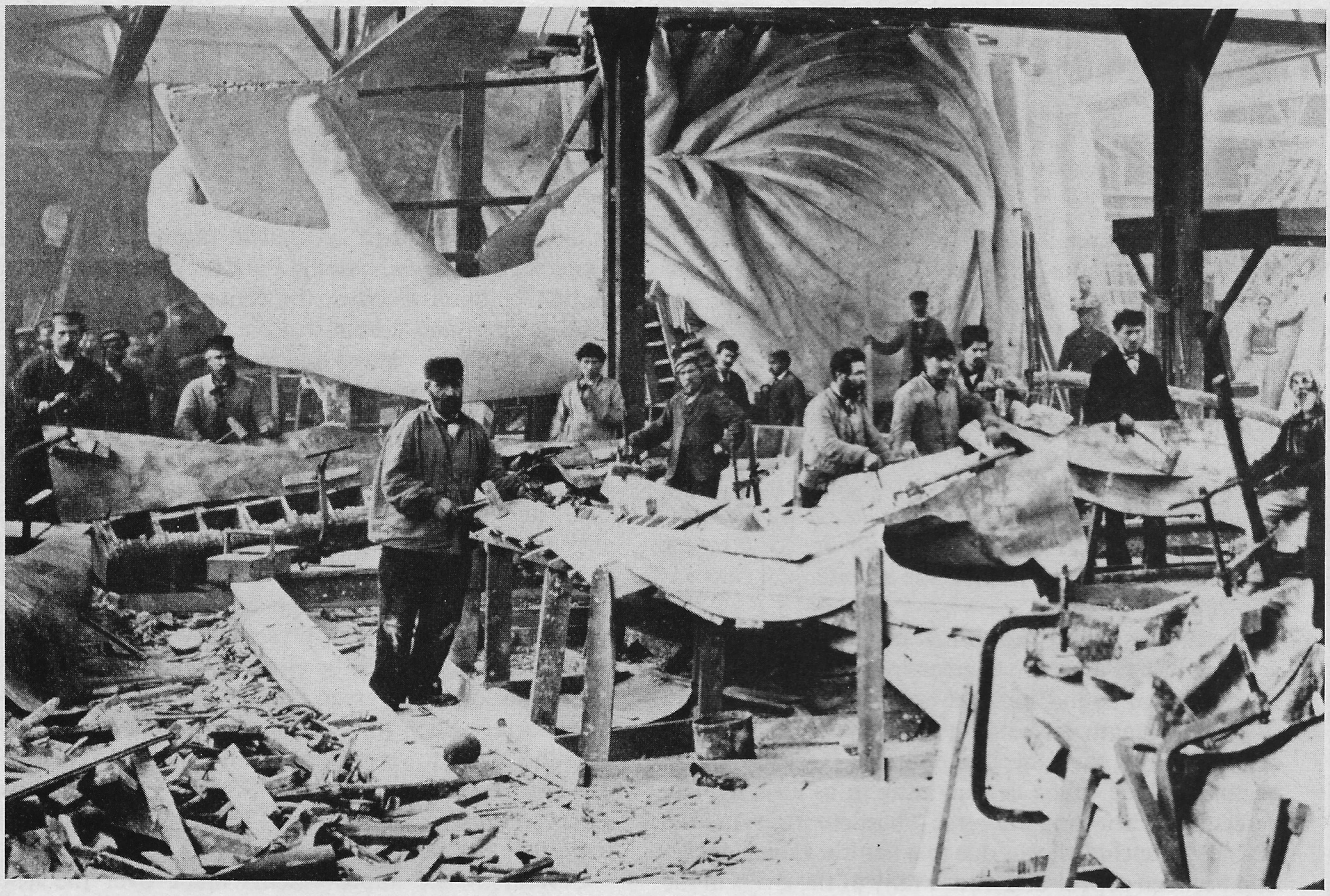
another thirty-six feet tall. The latter model was divided into several sections, and then, based on thousands of precise measurements, each section of this was enlarged to Liberty's final dimensions. These full-size lathwork and plaster forms served as patterns for Bartholdi's craftsmen in cutting, bending, and hammering into shape the three hundred copper plates that would form the statue's skin. Copper was used because it was less costly than bronze and lighter than bronze or stone. The procedure utilized two hundred thousand pounds of pure copper, all hammered down to 3/32 of an inch—about the thickness of a silver dollar.

Bartholdi spent more than ten years planning and working on the huge statue, and his large corps of assistants—all accomplished craftsmen—were employed for about five years. Gustave Eiffel, who later gained fame for Paris's Eiffel Tower, designed the ingenious, load-bearing interior framework for the statue. Flexible iron straps—whose movements compensated for expansion and contraction of the skin as a result of daily temperature changes—held the copper sheets to supporting beams, which in turn transferred their weight to a heavier central iron framework. As Miss Liberty took form in the Paris yards of Gaget, Gauthier & Company during 1881–84, crowds gathered about her in wonder, and orators among them made stirring speeches.

The Franco-American Union organized fund-raising gatherings that included appeals for gifts from the people, dinners, lotteries, sales of terra-cotta replicas of the statue, and various public entertainments all over France. Finally, $250,000, the amount originally estimated as the cost of the statue, had been raised. Franco-American Union president Laboulaye proudly stated that every cent had come from popular participation, without government assistance. As it turned out, nearly $200,000 more had to be raised before the statue was completed and on its way to America.

The estimated cost of the base and pedestal—to be financed by American contributions— was $125,000. By the time the stone and concrete pedestal had reached a height of fifteen feet, however, it was obvious that this amount would not be nearly enough. Erecting the statue once it arrived would also add to the overall cost. Many months went by without much progress in raising the necessary funds. Then Joseph Pulitzer, a Hungarian who had arrived in America in 1864 and by 1883 was owner and editor of *The New York World*, became interested in the project. He used the *World* to "daily hammer away at Americans with editorials, articles and cartoons that, since France was making a gift of the statue, the least they could do was finance completion of the base." He convinced many readers; they staged fund-raisers and sold replicas of the statue and sheet music about it.

Pulitzer repeatedly rekindled lagging interest by publishing messages from poor people who sent five or ten



Standing at wooden molds and templates, craftsmen bend and hammer the copper sheets that will form Liberty's skin. A full-size plaster and wood model of the goddess's upper torso and arm, in the background, served as guide for fashioning the templates.

cents to the pedestal fund along with expressions of "loyalty to the Stars and Stripes." He printed a letter from a "wee bit of a girl" who wrote: "I am ever so glad I was born in time to contribute my mite to the pedestal fund. When I am old enough I will ask my papa and mama to take me to see the statue, and I will always be proud that I began my career by sending you $1 to aid in so good a cause." There is no doubt that many of the letters were fakes, but a large part of the total collected *was* from contributions of one dollar or less. On occasion, *World* editorials encouraged larger donations by attacking New York millionaires who spent huge sums on luxuries for themselves "but haggle over the pittance necessary to accept Liberty, the great symbol of equality of all citizens." Finally, over $200,000 more was raised.

When the Statue of Liberty was completed in late May 1884, Bartholdi's gleaming copper lady was the tallest structure in Paris. On July 4, Count Ferdinand de Lesseps, who had become president of the Franco-American Union after the death of Laboulaye, formally presented the statue to the United States minister, Levi P. Morton, in the name of the French people, who gave "this staunch symbol of liberty to the people of the United States . . . in a great outpouring of friendship and francs."

Workers then dismantled the statue and numbered each section. The copper plates were packed into fifty enormous wooden cases, and the ironwork into about thirty-six others. According to most accounts, "about two hundred cases in all" were transported from Paris to Rouen on a seventy-car train and subsequently placed on board the warship *Isère* for the May 21, 1885 departure. Arriving in New York harbor on June 17, the ship was greeted by the French North Atlantic Squadron and escorted into the harbor to anchor near Bedloe's Island.

But the base had not yet been completed! It was almost two months after the arrival of Miss Liberty before the

Text continues on page 36

Liberty at the New-York Historical Society

The vintage photographs accompanying this article are from the exhibition "Visions of Liberty," currently at the museum of the New-York Historical Society. Showing through January 13, 1985, this major exhibition includes rare photographs from the Musée Bartholdi in Colmar, France, showing the Statue of Liberty during construction; twentieth-century views of the monument by well-known photographers; and newly-uncovered pictures of immigrants at Ellis Island during 1892–1925. Located at 170 Central Park West in New York City, the New-York Historical Society is open daily except Monday. Admission is $2 for adults and 75¢ for children.

Rekindling the Flame of Freedom

Today the torch is gone. Behind a web of scaffolding the Statue of Liberty's half-opened hand reaches out as if seeking help. And rightly so, for age has taken its toll on Liberty. The statue is fatigued. After ninety-eight years on Liberty Island in New York harbor—standing up to acid rain, pollution, a salty environment, and the carbon dioxide exhalations of visitors climbing the helical stairs within her body—the lady is badly in need of rehabilitation. And Americans are responding to her plea. A $29 million restoration project, now underway, is expected to get Liberty back in shape in time for a centennial celebration on July 4, 1986.

The statue's failing health first became apparent four years ago when a French engineering team inspected the structure and found internal erosion. The 1,200 iron straps, or armatures, holding the sculpture's 3/32-inch copper skin to the central supporting framework had begun to erode, some degenerating to as little as fifty percent of their original size. The deterioration, the engineers concluded, was due to a natural galvanic reaction between copper and iron. Many of the rivets in the 1,500 copper saddles that hold the armatures in place had loosened and pulled out of the thin skin as a result of expansion and contraction over the years. Even Liberty's symbolic torch was decaying rapidly from within. Heavy rains, leaking in from around the inadequately sealed stained glass windows that were added to the flame in 1916, have often sent streams of water running down the torch and into the upheld right arm, severely corroding the supporting iron framework.

If the 225-ton statue was going to survive another century, a restoration project had to be mounted at once. In early 1981 the French-American Committee for the Restoration of the Statue of Liberty was established, making its name its goal. The committee devised a refitness program, and has since functioned as the body in charge of the renovation. The following spring, President Ronald Reagan announced the formation of the Statue of Liberty-Ellis Island Centennial Commission, headed by Chrysler chairman Lee Iacocca. The forty-member nongovernment panel was given the task of raising public funds and planning the centennial celebrations for both the statue and nearby historic Ellis Island. (In 1996 Ellis Island will mark the one hundredth anniversary of the opening of the doors to its Great Hall to waves of immigrants from all nations.)

The cost of the twin preservation project is estimated at $230 million: $29 million to restore the Statue of Liberty; $138 million to refurbish the delapidated buildings and crumbling sea wall on Ellis Island; a $20 million endowment to be used in future maintenance projects for the two National Park Service monuments; and $43 million to cover the centennial celebrations, fund-raising, and administrative costs.

Though minor repairs and improvements have been made on Liberty over the years, this is the first torch-to-base restoration. In addition to individually replacing each of the corroded interior iron straps with ones made of a more durable modern alloy (such as stainless steel) and repairing the popped rivets, workers have already used liquid nitrogen to strip the seven layers of paint coating the interior of the skin. The original dark brown surface color has reappeared and will be treated only with an anticorrosive preservative. The exterior of the 151-foot statue will be cleansed with a mild detergent. The soft-hued green patina—a naturally protective coating which forms on copper—that has spread over the once-glowing metal will be retained. The purpose of the project, the French-American Committee asserts, is not to make Liberty look young again, but to restore her structural health.

Several of the improvements made over the next twenty-two months will be more obvious to visitors. A large two-level glass-enclosed hydraulic elevator and lights will be installed in the pedestal, providing visitors with a dramatic view of the interior structure. And an emergency lift will run from the foot of the statue to the base of the head. Although the taxing trek up the 171 steps from the pedestal to the viewing area in Liberty's crown will not be eliminated, it will be eased somewhat. Additional rest platforms will be added, and the worn-out railing will be replaced or repaired.

The most extensive and ambitious undertaking involves the torch. The deteriorating structure was removed during ceremonies held on July 4. A new torch will be carefully refashioned in a restoration workshop erected on the island and scheduled to open in early October. The replacement will not be an exact replica of the existing torch; rather the French-American Committee has elected to return to sculptor Fréderic Auguste Bartholdi's original design. The flame will be a solid surface of gilded copper, and will not contain windows or interior lights. The gilding will reflect the radiance of the sun during the day, and at night will be illuminated by external floodlights located near the decorative filigree of the torch.

The 125-by-40-foot restoration workshop will also be the site where artisans will mold and hammer newly forged metal straps for the interior. When the renovation has been completed, the weathered torch, several original iron straps, and pieces of the copper statue will

by Kimberly A. Keefer

Shrouded in a network of scaffolding, the nearly century-old Statue of Liberty is slowly having decaying parts removed and replaced anew. For her centennial she will again stand strong in New York harbor, enlightening the world with a refashioned torch.

be added to the American Museum of Immigration at the base of the Statue of Liberty. (Liberty Island and the museum will remain open throughout the two-year restoration.)

Perhaps the most critical and unresolvable problems facing the committee are those concerning Liberty's structural defects. The offset right arm bearing the torch is weak and believed to be in some danger of failing. The stairway in the ailing arm was closed to tourists in 1916, after an explosion at New Jersey's nearby Black Tom munitions plant caused about one hundred rivets to pop out of the arm. The rivets were replaced, but the problem of tourists congesting the ladder leading into the torch continued, and this portion of Liberty has therefore remained permanently closed.

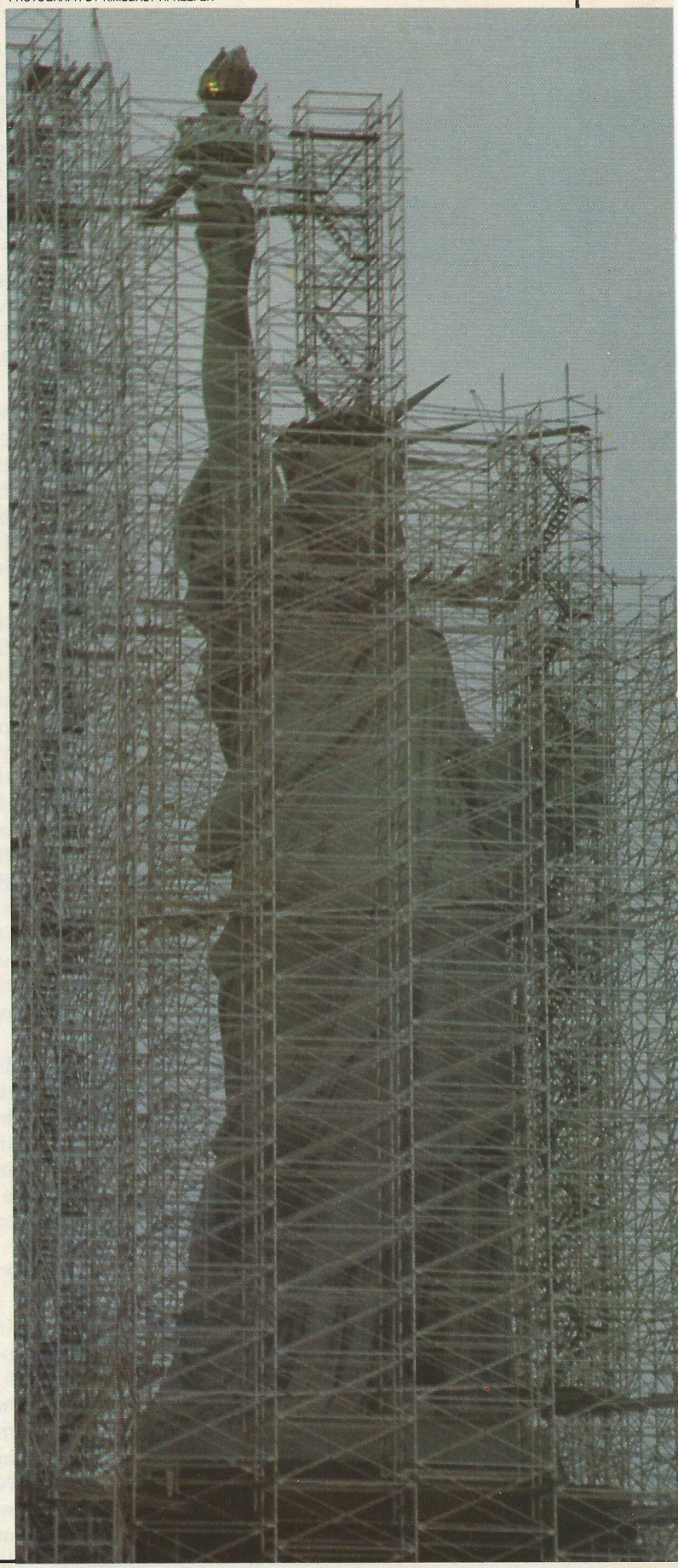
The recent inspection of the statue uncovered some startling information about the ailing arm. Engineers discovered that the framework for the unstable arm was not joined to the statue's central armature at the point designated in French engineer Gustave Eiffel's original plan. The reason is unknown. But, after extensive testing, the restoration committee intends to correct the faulty construction by strengthening and rebuilding the arm and shoulder support structure.

One defect will be left unchanged, however: Liberty's head will remain tilted slightly to the right—another displacement that was not in the original design. A spike in the diadem that rubs against the outstretched arm as a result of the misplaced feature will be shortened slightly and the punctured copper skin mended.

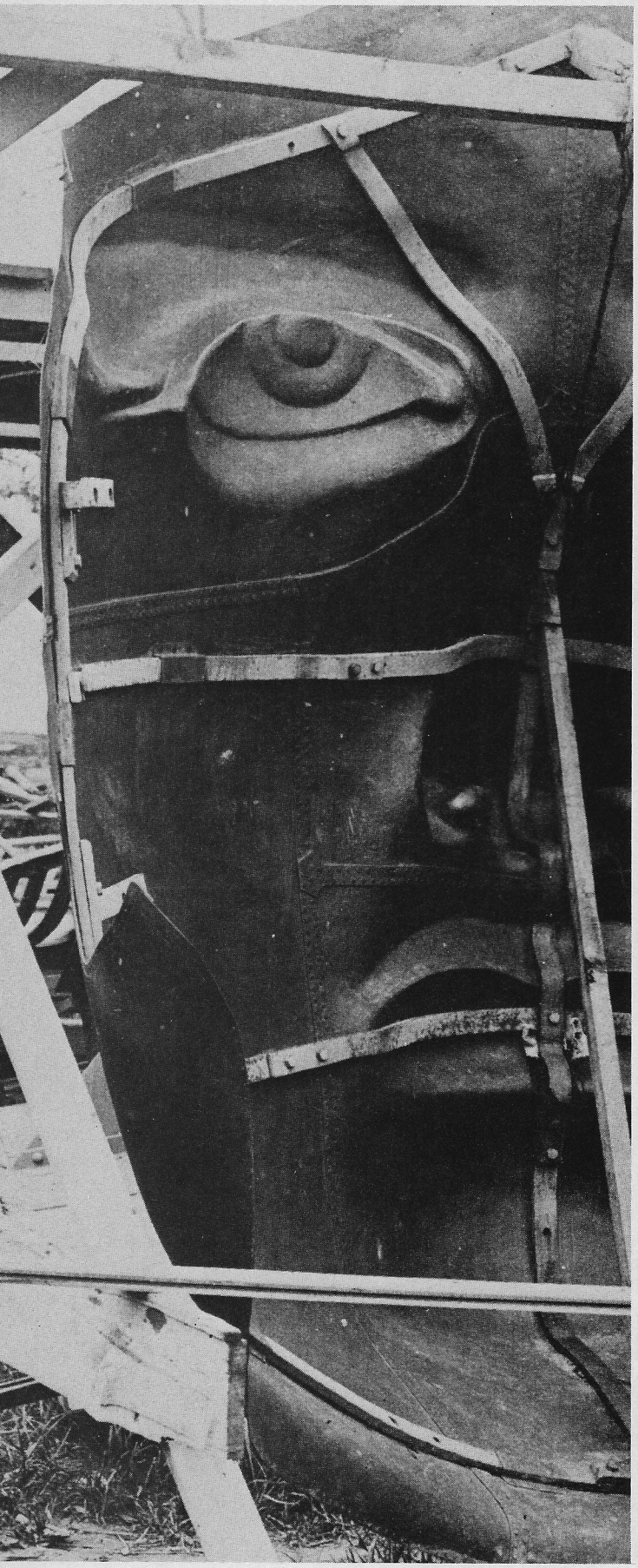
The completion of the two-year restoration will be highlighted during the Liberty Centennial Week of July 4, 1986, when America will celebrate the anniversary of the French gift to the United States. The year-long activities, involving all fifty states and several countries worldwide, will reach a finale on October 28. On that date—the centennial of the Statue of Liberty's unveiling and dedication in New York harbor—a rededication ceremony will be held. Then, once again, unveiled from the web of scaffolding, the mighty woman with a torch held high and burning truer than before will stand strong and healthy for centuries more. ★

Kimberly A. Keefer is assistant editor of American History Illustrated.

PHOTOGRAPH BY KIMBERLY A. KEEFER



COLLECTION OF ANDREW J. SPANO



A startling backside view of Liberty's face, during assembly at Bedloe's Island in 1885, shows some of the iron strapwork that connected the statue's outer surface to the central framework. Instead of being riveted directly to the iron straps, the copper skin was loosely attached by U-shaped brackets (some visible here) that allowed for expansion and contraction of the whole assembly without stress to the skin.

World headlined the "TRIUMPHANT COMPLETION OF THE WORLD'S FUND FOR THE LIBERTY PEDESTAL." Meanwhile, the cases containing sections of the statue were stored in hastily built sheds on the island.

Bartholdi came to New York to direct the reassembly work, and stayed until after the statue's unveiling. The central iron framework, or armature, was anchored to the pedestal; then the copper sections were attached to the secondary framework—requiring more than three hundred thousand copper rivets. It was mid-October before the last rivet was in place and *Liberty Enlightening the World* was ready for dedication.

Despite the sullen weather on October 28, 1886, ceremonies got off to a gala start with General Charles P. Stone, construction engineer for the pedestal, atop his black horse, leading a parade of over twenty thousand participants through New York City and past the presidential reviewing stand to the waterfront. As the yacht *Dispatch* carried President Grover Cleveland and the official party across the harbor, a long line of decorated ships formed a crescent around Bedloe's Island, making a fascinating scene in the light fog. Midway through a speech by Senator William Evarts of New York, Bartholdi, who was stationed in Liberty's torch, yanked a rope (prematurely, due to an error in signals) that pulled the French Tricolor away from the face of the towering statue. Evarts' speech ended as the harbor resounded to the din of thousands of cheering spectators and hundreds of steamboat whistles and church bells.

President Cleveland accepted the "friendship gift" from France on behalf of the people of the United States, and declared: "We will never forget that Liberty has made here her home." Many in the crowd were overcome with emotion as they saw for the first time the figure of a woman in flowing robes standing among broken chains. She held a torch in her uplifted right hand and in her left was a law book inscribed "July 4, 1776" in Roman letters.

The Statue of Liberty, the largest statue ever created by man, weighs 225 tons and measures 151 feet high from base to the top of the torch. The statue rests on a pedestal 89 feet high, which in turn is supported by a 65-foot base, making the whole structure 305 feet in height. But the real immensity of Liberty is somehow most impressive when actually viewing and considering her in terms of her individual features. According to the National Park Service statistics, Liberty's mouth is 3 feet wide; each eye is 2 feet 6 inches wide; and her nose measures 4 feet 6 inches long. Her head, ear to ear, is 10 feet thick; her waist measures over 100 feet in cir-

Completed in advance of the rest of the statue, Liberty's right forearm, hand, and torch were sent to the United States in 1876 to publicize the project. They were exhibited at the Centennial Exhibition in Philadelphia, and later in Madison Square, New York City (right). For 50¢ admission, visitors could ascend the arm to the torch balcony.

cumference; and one hand is 16 feet 5 inches long. The statue's right arm extends to 42 feet, and her index finger spans 8 feet.

The Statue of Liberty at first was under the jurisdiction of the Lighthouse Board because it served as a lighthouse and was an important navigational aid. In 1901 it was transferred to the War Department, which maintained Fort Wood, and then in 1933 to the National Park Service. It was declared a national monument by President Calvin Coolidge in 1924. In 1965 President Lyndon B. Johnson made nearby Ellis Island, which twelve years earlier had been abandoned as the immigration station, part of the Statue of Liberty National Monument, and Congress appropriated six million dollars for the development of a park and museum on the island.

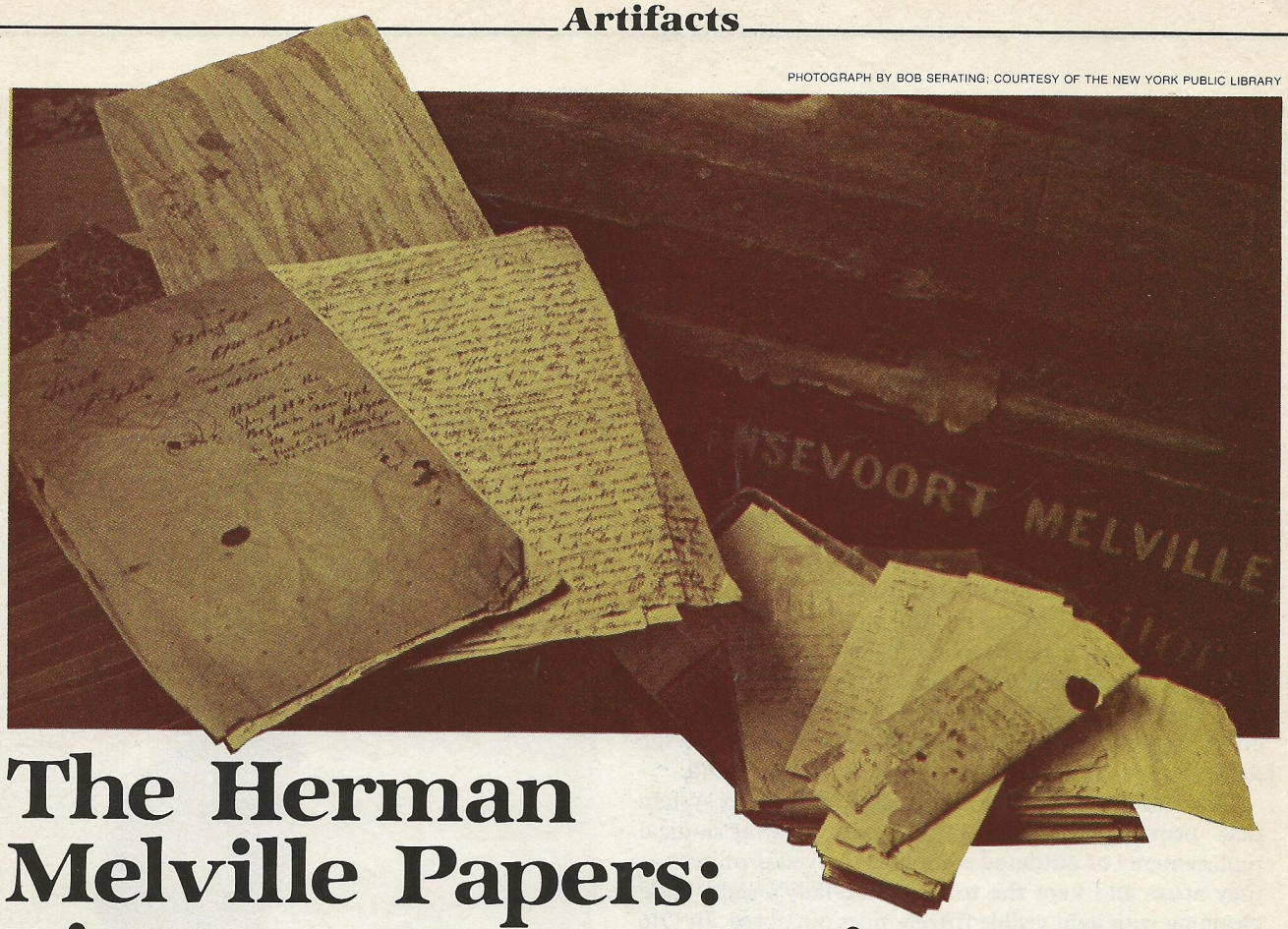
Originally, Liberty was electrically lighted by a system that proved less than satisfactory. But periodical replacements of outdated equipment solved problems as they arose and kept the torch in the lady's right hand gleaming with light visible fifteen miles out at sea. In 1916 the copper sheeting in the torch was removed and six hundred pieces of cathedral glass, tinted red and yellow, were installed. This greatly enhanced the beauty of the torch lights, particularly after they were replaced by 1,000-watt bulbs. The torch was redesigned by sculptor John Gutson de la Mothe Borglum, who, eleven years later, started chiseling away at the four presidents' faces on Mount Rushmore.

A name long associated with the Statue of Liberty has been that of American poet Emma Lazarus. Born in New York City in July 1849 of Spanish-Jewish heritage, she became a leading exponent of the many persecuted Jewish refugees who came to America in the early 1880s. She wrote "The New Colossus," a tribute to the Statue of Liberty, for contribution to an auction of literary items held at New York's Academy of Design to raise funds to build the monument. Not much attention was given to the poem before Lazarus's death of cancer at age thirty-eight. It was not until 1903 that a bronze tablet bearing the sonnet's last five lines was added to the pedestal. Today, Liberty still beckons to the world:

Give me your tired, your poor,
Your huddled masses yearning to breathe free,
The wretched refuse of your teeming shore.
Send these, the homeless, tempest-tost, to me,
I lift my lamp beside the golden door! ★

Prolific writer Peggy Robbins has contributed "History's Slighter Side" features to American History Illustrated *for several years, in addition to writing articles for numerous other publications.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY BOB SERATING; COURTESY OF THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY



The Herman Melville Papers: Literary Treasure in a Barn

For Jack Guerrera, an antiques "picker," the bitterly cold day in February 1983 was a poor time to scour a barn for saleable items. But he had badgered the old woman for so long for permission to prospect her property that now he had to make the most of the opportunity.

In one corner of the barn, near where she kept her twenty-year-old car, some cardboard boxes caught Guerrera's eye. "There's nothing in there but some wrapped-up *Reader's Digests,*" the woman told him. But lifting the magazines, Guerrera found some old papers that piqued his curiosity. "Being in the antique business, you can almost smell these things," he says.

What Guerrera "smelled" in this musty barn in the tiny upstate New York hamlet of Gansevoort was a portion of the original manuscript for celebrated nineteenth-century author Herman Melville's first novel—his south sea romance *Typee*—and hundreds of letters of the Melville family, some written by the novelist. In another area of the barn, Guerrera found some old trunks bearing the Melville name.

But the picker had not yet realized the significance of his discovery. "To be perfectly honest with you," he says, "the name didn't do a thing for me." His wife knew of Melville, however, and the reactions of friends convinced Guerrera that this dusty pile of papers might be valuable. Seeking advice, he was referred to John and Carolyn DeMarco of nearby Saratoga Springs, who own the Lyrical Ballad Bookstore.

"Jack Guerrera contacted us at the same time that we heard a rumor about the find," recalls John DeMarco. "We know a lot about Melville, and I have a fairly good Melville collection." Guerrera and DeMarco arranged to meet the following day. Ecstatic about what Guerrera had told him, DeMarco gave up trying to sleep that night and went through everything in his Melville collection. In a book titled *Melville Log* by Jay Leyda, DeMarco found a reproduction of the only original fragment of *Typee* then known to exist. Of all of Melville's books published during his lifetime, this one page of manuscript, housed in the New York Public Library, along with a few scraps from *The Confidence Man,* was all that was known to survive in the author's own handwriting. The next day DeMarco took the copy of the page with him to compare with the manuscript.

DeMarco was immediately convinced that the material was authentic, and wanted to take the papers home that night. He took possession of the papers after signing an agreement to pay Guerrera and the elderly woman an undisclosed sum of money. He promised to sell the papers for their fair market value, dividing the proceeds into three equal shares.

by Carmen S. Cambareri

Recently discovered materials relating to author Herman Melville and his family include, clockwise from top: one of the trunks in which papers and memorabilia were found; a sign reading "Gansevoort Melville, Attorney and Solicitor" [Gansevoort was Herman Melville's brother]; various Melville family letters; and thirty pages of manuscript bearing the inscription "First Draught of 'Typee'. . . Written in the Spring of 1845."

John and Carolyn DeMarco locked the *Typee* manuscript in a vault at the Adirondack Trust Company for safekeeping and then began the tedious job of examining and cataloging every scrap of paper—an undertaking that would consume nearly all of their time for the next three weeks. They counted 525 letters, and found ten more pages of the *Typee* manuscript crumpled in the bottom of one of the boxes. On many of the envelopes the stamps had been cut off; evidently someone had thought that the value of this historic treasure lay only in the stamps.

The DeMarcos found 141 letters containing direct references to Herman Melville. Three other letters were written by the author, and four were written to him. An especially significant find was a March 27, 1851 letter to Herman Melville from Nathaniel Hawthorne—the only one found anywhere to date, although the two writers were close friends and it is known that they corresponded frequently. The trove also included a fragment of the manuscript for Melville's 1853 short story "Bartleby the Scrivener," which contains a slightly different ending than that appearing in the published work.

During his later years Herman Melville became embittered and burned many of his letters and manuscripts. But the papers discovered at Gansevoort were saved by his sister Augusta, who probably inherited her parents' trunks and papers. Augusta's meticulous organization made the materials easier to catalogue. She kept a record of every family letter for ten years, including date sent, number of pages, and subject. "So from that we have a record of letters she received from Herman or sent to Herman, even if they no longer exist," says John DeMarco.

Jack Guerrera refers to the woman on whose property the papers were discovered as "Mrs. X." He and DeMarco have promised to keep her identity a secret. Mrs. X's family had purchased the Melville home around the turn of the century. When Mrs. X sold the home in the 1930s and moved to another Gansevoort location, she simply took all of the old trunks from the attic—which contained both her family's possessions and Melville family belongings—and left them in the barn, where they were ultimately discovered.

By mid-April 1983 the DeMarcos had completed an inventory and had an idea of the true magnitude of Guerrera's discovery. The next step was to find a suitable home for the material. Their first priority was keeping the collection intact so that it would be accessible to Melville scholars. The logical place was the New York Public Library. Herman Melville was a native New Yorker, and the library had the only previously known page of *Typee* manuscript as well as an extensive Melville family collection.

The DeMarcos offered to sell the collection to the library for a still undisclosed sum, which one wire service claimed was "about $500,000." "Initially when I mentioned the price to them they had sticker shock," DeMarco says. But he maintains that the price was fair, considering that the library had previously paid $10,000 for just one Melville letter and $53,000 for a signed copy of *The Whale,* the English version of *Moby Dick.*

"When John DeMarco told me what he had I was flabbergasted," says Don Anderle, associate director for special collections at the New York Public Library. "The discovery of such a quantity of unknown and unpublished material is of great significance to the literary world. That the material has remained unknown for so long and has survived at all is something of a miracle." After Anderle secured approval for the purchase from the library's board of trustees, the treasure was taken to New York City in July 1983, "without fanfare."

But there was much fanfare when the library issued a press release about the collection. The story was picked up by *The New York Times* and the major wire services. Scholars clamored to see the letters. In order to preserve the collection, the library put the materials on microfilm. "We had a large file of people who wanted to see it the minute the collection was open," Anderle says.

Melville has enjoyed a revival of interest which has grown steadily since the 1920s. "The first draught of his first book makes [the collection] significant, and because Melville manuscripts are so rare, it has even greater interest," says G. Thomas Tanselle, a well-known Melville expert. "He writes in a way that speaks to the twentieth century," Tanselle observes.

The collection's value also lies in the personal glimpses it affords us of one of the great literary adventures of the nineteenth century. "My dear Augusta," opens one of the newly discovered letters, sent on December 8, 1841 from Melville's mother to his sister: "Last week I received a long letter from Herman, who has embarked for a long voyage to the Pacific under the most formidable auspices and feeling perfectly happy. . . ." That "long voyage to the Pacific" upon which twenty-two-year-old Herman Melville embarked aboard the whaling ship *Acushnet* was to provide the adventures that would ultimately inspire *Typee, Omoo, White Jacket,* and finally, that masterwork of American literature, *Moby Dick.* ★

Carmen S. Cambareri is an Albany, New York, newspaperman who has written for a variety of national magazines.

DELIA BACON

The Lady Who

COLLECTION OF ALLISON LOCKWOOD

A still-beautiful Delia Bacon appears in a daguerreotype taken in May 1853, on the eve of the all-consuming quest to Shakespeare's England that would devour five years of her life and destroy her mind and health.

Ten days out of Liverpool, England, on April 13, 1858, the *America* docked at New York. Clutching the arm of a young naval officer, the wasted figure of a black-clad woman crept ashore. After five lost and lonely years in England, wrecking both mind and body in pursuit of her Shakespeare chimera, Delia Bacon was home at last.

"A genius but mad," opined Ralph Waldo Emerson. "Unquestionably . . . a monomaniac," agreed Nathaniel Hawthorne. "But this bewildered enthusiast had recognized a depth in the man she decried," he added, "which scholars, critics and learned societies . . . had never imagined to exist there." Consumed by her magnificent obsession that William Shakespeare could not possibly have written the plays attributed to him, Delia Bacon is generally brushed aside as one of the many one-idea messiahs who livened things up in mid-nineteenth century America.

According to Miss Bacon, Shakespeare, "a third-rate play-actor," had merely fronted for a secret syndicate of "suppressed Elizabethan Reformers and Innovators," and it was Sir Francis Bacon, Sir Walter Raleigh, Edmund Spenser, and certain other "high-born wits and poets" who had actually written the plays. "Men far in advance of their time, they were compelled to have recourse to literature," Delia maintained, "for the purpose of instituting a gradual encroachment on popular opinions . . . prejudices . . . and the ignorance and stupidity of the suffering masses."

Delia Bacon gave "nothing less than her life," as Hawthorne put it, to the book he helped her publish in 1857, *The Philosophy of the Plays of Shakspere Unfolded*, by which she hoped to convince the world of her belief. Her book, Hawthorne wrote, "fell with a dead thump at the feet of the public and has never been picked up." She had, however, given birth to the so-called Baconian theory, one of the most popular literary heresies. But before "she climbed into the seventeenth century and pulled the ladder up after her," as one biographer concluded, she won acclaim as an author, educator, and lecturer. Prominent achievers befriended her, including Hawthorne, Emerson, Catherine Beecher, Thomas Carlyle, Harriet Beecher Stowe, and America's leading scientist, Benjamin Silliman.

Spurned in love, she turned her passions to one of the strangest

Didn't Dig Shakespeare

On the death of her luckless clergyman father in 1817, and separated from her five siblings, six-year-old Delia was reared by a prominent Hartford, Connecticut, attorney. "One of the most gifted minds" ever to attend her renowned Hartford Female Seminary was Miss Beecher's assessment of the precocious child who graduated in 1826 at fifteen, and for four years tried but failed to found her own academy. Limited to teaching, she clung to a childhood dream of literary celebrity and at twenty published *Tales of the Puritans*, three melodramatic novelettes based on historical incidents. That same year she surpassed another young literary hopeful, Edgar Allan Poe, to win the one-hundred-dollar first prize from Philadelphia's *Saturday Courier* for a story with the strangely prophetic title, *Love's Martyr.*

Heeding the advice of her eldest brother, Reverend Leonard Bacon, not to let "literary pride" distract her from earning a living, Delia instituted a class for young women, denied higher education by their sex, in New Haven where Leonard headed the preeminent First Congregational Church. Aided by Dr. Nathaniel Taylor, head of Yale's theology department and a longtime friend, Delia attracted students from the town's leading families. Her lectures and required reading covered art, literature, and science, all unified from an historical viewpoint. "New ideas . . . knowledge . . . discussion . . . she taught [us] how to think," recalled one student. Her "unforgettable style of reading . . . sweet, melodious and flexible . . ." impressed another. A Yale professor deemed her "Remarkable!: And how young she is."

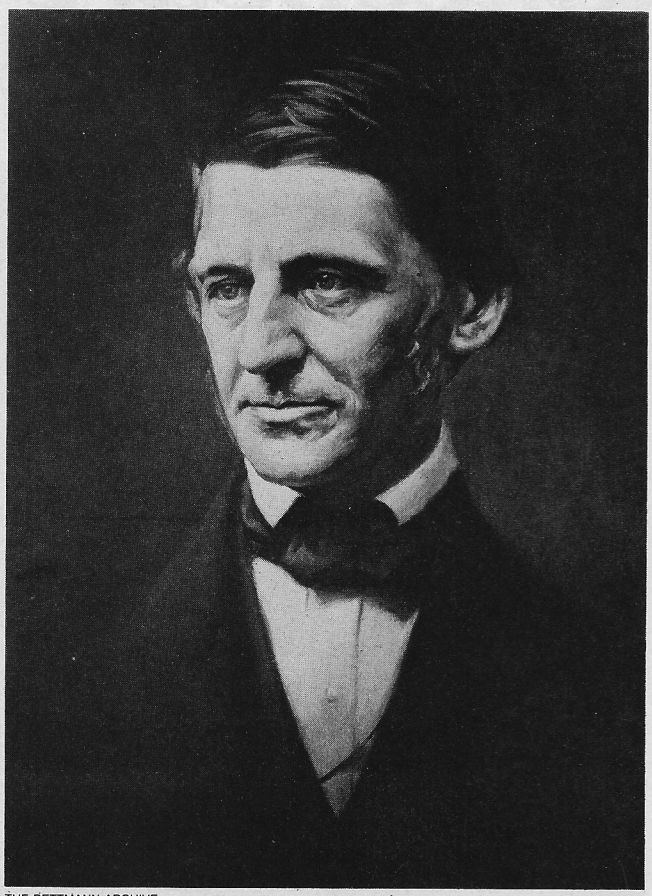
Success enabled Delia to leave her brother's crowded parsonage for a two-room suite at the new, fashionable Tontine Hotel, where her parlor became an evening salon for students and friends. Here also were acted the opening scenes of a drama that would shake puritan New Haven to its foundation and profoundly alter the life of this thirty-four-year-old bluestocking who, for the first and last time in her life, fell in love. The handsome, wealthy Reverend Alexander MacWhorter, a recent graduate of Yale's theological school and a protegé of Dr. Taylor's, stayed on to pursue independent studies—and Delia Bacon. A Tontine resident, he eyed her intently in the dining room and strained to overhear her conver-

THE BETTMANN ARCHIVE

William Shakespeare—target of Bacon's literary obsession: his plays were, she charged, the work of a secret syndicate of Elizabethan reformers, including Sir Francis Bacon and Sir Walter Raleigh.

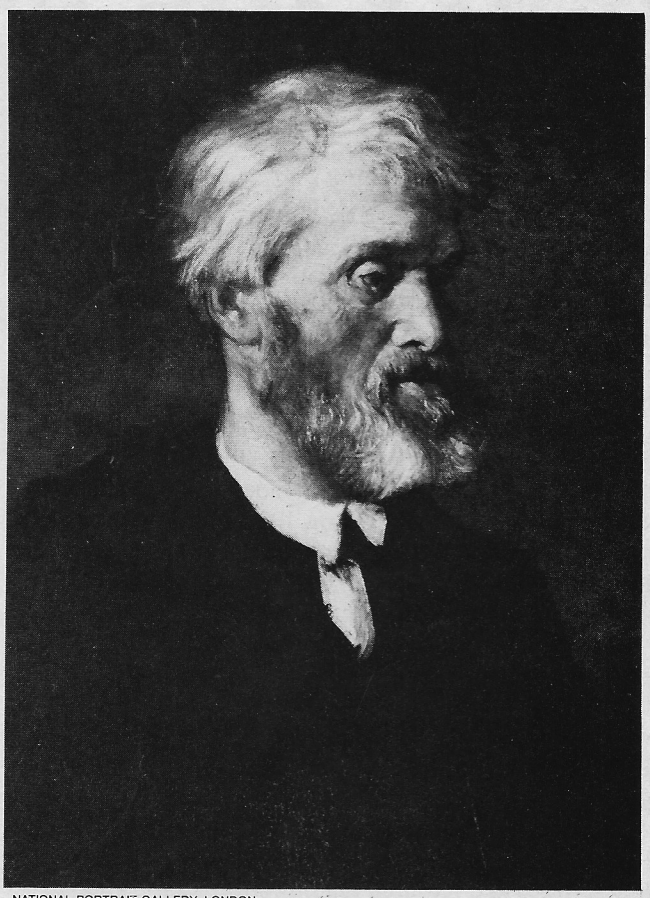
literary quests of the nineteenth century. **by Allison Lockwood**

"A genius but mad," opined Ralph Waldo Emerson of Shakespearean theorist Delia Bacon.



THE BETTMANN ARCHIVE

"I have not seen anything so tragically quixotic as her Shakespeare enterprise," observed Thomas Carlyle.



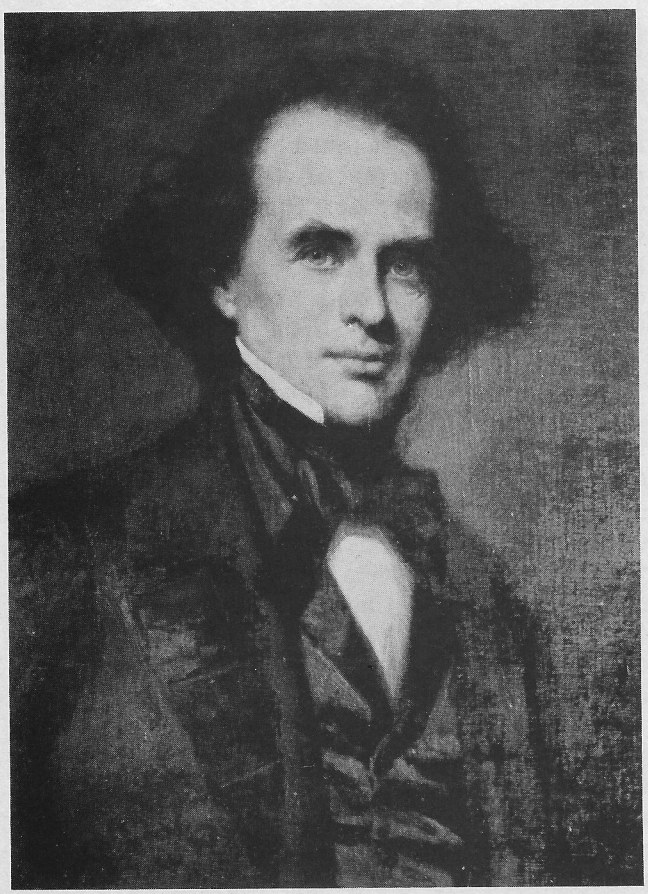
NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY, LONDON

sation. Accustomed to admiration, Delia ignored him until, learning of his wish to join her soirées, she penned him a welcome: "Miss Bacon will be happy to see Mr. MacWhorter at her rooms . . . this evening or at any time that may be convenient to him." Presently, this prim invitation would circulate among New Haven's young bloods as a sexual joke.

Sharing strong intellectual interests, both Delia and MacWhorter craved literary fame. Delia was engrossed in Elizabethan studies in search of the true author of the Shakespearean plays; while MacWhorter, for his part, pursued biblical-linguistic research to prove his theory that the future tense implied in the Old Testament word "Yahweh" foretold Christ's coming. The two scholars were inseparable, and by late summer Pastor Bacon questioned his sister concerning MacWhorter's "intentions." With no proposal in hand, Delia was advised to "break with the young man at once." But when MacWhorter protested, saying "I have loved you purely, fervently," she melted. In September, however, she fled suddenly to Dr. Robert Wesselhoeft's water-cure establishment at Brattleboro, Vermont, to join Catherine Beecher and her sister Harriet Beecher Stowe. After two weeks of spartan diet, long walks, wet-sheet packs, outdoor wave-baths, indoor sitz baths, and cold footbaths at night, Delia revived. But her real cure began the day MacWhorter arrived in Brattleboro.

Again the two were inseparable. Hattie Stowe dubbed MacWhorter "Delia's Shadow," and the verandah hummed with speculation. "I concluded they were engaged . . . I [n]ever saw more devoted attention to a lady," an onlooker later testified. Delia would maintain that MacWhorter proposed marriage in this period but set no date. A classmate arrived to dissuade him from courting a woman "too old" for a young man who could "do better." As autumn wore on, patients and guests drifted away—among them MacWhorter. Delia hung on into November. Returning home, she discovered the well-intentioned Miss Beecher had informed New Haven's residents that Delia and Alexander were betrothed. Not so, this cavalier advised his friends, insisting not "a thimbleful" of sentiment had graced his relationship with Miss Bacon. Meeting MacWhorter in the street, Leonard Bacon challenged him concerning his intentions toward Delia. "What intentions?" demanded the young man who was now exhibiting her invitation as an assignation request. He was also ignoring her request to return her letters.

"I will stand by her in spite of her nonsense," vowed Nathaniel Hawthorne.



THE BETTMANN ARCHIVE

Ralph Waldo Emerson, Thomas Carlyle, and Nathaniel Hawthorne were just three of the prominent poets, essayists, and authors in Delia Bacon's circle of acquaintances. Although convinced that Bacon's theories regarding authorship of the plays attributed to William Shakespeare were bizarre and totally in error, each found himself assisting her as a result of her charm, force of personality and persistence. Bacon's resulting book, The Philosophy of the Plays of Shakspere Unfolded, *published in 1857 with the financial aid of Hawthorne, proved hard reading. As a biographer has pointed out, "Hawthorne in later years averred that he had met one man who had read it through; there is no record of another."*

Angered at Delia's humiliation, and rightly called "the fighting parson," Leonard hauled MacWhorter before the ministers' New Haven West Association to determine his fitness to hold a preacher's license. This proceeding, intended to vindicate a lady's honor, evolved into a quasi-judicial circus as a bitter feud surfaced between two equally self-righteous and unbending clerics: stocky, bearded Leonard Bacon and tall, elegant Nathaniel Taylor, who rose to champion MacWhorter. Taylor seemed to take Bacon's charges as an attack on the Congregational church with himself at its head. Onlookers, suspecting Taylor's own youthful "lady-killer" reputation predisposed him toward MacWhorter, recalled a jingle applied to Taylor when he was a student: "He wins each heart and makes it smart and glories in the conquest-O!"

To Bacon's motion for an inquiry into MacWhorter's "disgraceful conduct," Taylor objected on the grounds that even if the charges were true, they could not be proved and did not warrant censure in any case. His influential friends backed him, while less well-connected ministers backed Bacon. President Theodore D. Woolsey of Yale decided "the thing ought to be investigated." Hearings began that signaled the start of a six-year struggle between Bacon and Taylor for control of New Haven West. Unaware of these dark currents, Delia approached the inquiry as the one means to clear her name, redeem her reputation, and save her career. "I shall not shrink from this investigation," she vowed. Female decorum required her to sit at home while for two months the twenty-three-man ministerial committee accepted witnesses' tittle-tattle and conflicting recollections as evidence. Bacon painted MacWhorter as a cad who had toyed with the affections of an older but naive woman and publicly slandered her. He demanded revocation of MacWhorter's preacher's license. Taylor, on the other hand, rounded up character witnesses and depicted his protegé as an unworldly, wealthy youth victimized by an experienced fortune hunter.

Called to testify at last, Delia was assisted into the "courtroom" by Catherine Beecher. She was pale, her eyes downcast. "Please tell us in your own words how this started," her inquisitor began. Under MacWhorter's steady gaze, Delia hid her face and moaned, "I cannot!" At this her former beau dashed from the room. Finally, she stated her case, ending with a quote from her last letter to MacWhorter. "I do not desire revenge, but the wrongs I have suffered at your hands are such that I

must and *will* defend myself." Later she confessed to Miss Beecher that she could never have testified with MacWhorter present, as they had once shared "the most sacred of relations."

Six months later Delia Bacon's ordeal ended when, after many pages of mealy-mouthed resolutions, the twenty-three "judges" gave their verdict: eleven to twelve in MacWhorter's favor. Stunned, Delia hid from sight for months in her brother's parsonage. A formal protest came to nothing, as would a strange book by Miss Beecher, entitled *Truth Stranger Than Fiction*, written to expose Taylor's machinations but which primarily drew attention to herself and reopened Delia's wound. Benjamin Silliman of Yale helped her knit her life back together. Several of his influential Boston friends arranged for Delia to give a highly successful series of historical lectures during the winter of 1850–51 in "the Athens of America." Soon she organized a class in Cambridge for female members of that community's elite. Mrs. John Farrar, wife of Harvard's esteemed professor of mathematics and astronomy, offered the use of her parlor and became a staunch friend. Noting their teacher's growing obsession with Shakespeare, whose authorship of the plays she disputed with alarming intensity, the women conspired to keep her off that topic altogether.

Delia's intensive survey of Francis Bacon's works had revealed to her concepts concerning man and society that, to her mind at least, clearly paralleled those in the plays attributed to Shakespeare. Her conjecture that Bacon was the true author had become conviction. Feverishly blocking out chapters for the book taking root in her mind, she shared her dream with Ralph Waldo Emerson. Although not subscribing to her ideas, he nevertheless praised her "fine weapons" of criticism and her "power of statement." Leonard Bacon, on the other hand, urged her to "give up this delirious fancy."

In the winter of 1852–53 Delia tackled New York, where she enjoyed phenomenal success in a city gone wild over such lecturing luminaries as historian George Bancroft, theologian-abolitionist Theodore Parker, educator Horace Mann, novelist William Makepeace Thackeray, and Silliman. She attended publisher George Putnam's exclusive soirées and was labeled "the personification of the genius of history" by the New York *Herald*. But Mrs. Farrar suspected "her heart is not in these lectures; she is meditating a flight to England." Delia's mind indeed was on the book that would prove her Baconian theory. When Emerson warned that she must clinch her deductions with facts, she assured him: "I find the internal evidence more convincing, but of course I am certain that I shall find further historical proof in England."

In what was in effect the first overseas fellowship granted to an American woman, Emerson's friend, the New York philanthropist Charles Butler, paid Delia's passage and agreed to support her for a year in England. A kind welcome met her in May 1853 at Thomas Carlyle's London home. Charmed by her "modest shy dignity" and "solid character," he was nevertheless alarmed over her "strange enterprise." There is "not the least possibility of truth in the notion she has taken up," he wrote Emerson, "and the hope of ever proving it, or finding the least document that countenances it, is equal to . . . vanquishing windmills by stroke of lance."

"Do you mean to say," Carlyle demanded of Delia, "that all the Shakespeare scholars are wrong about the authorship and that *you* are going to set them straight?" "I am," she replied, "and as much as I respect you, Mr. Carlyle, I must tell you that you do not know what is really in the *Plays* if you believe that booby wrote them." Carlyle loosed one of his famous volleys of laughter. "You could have heard him a mile," Delia wrote. "I have not seen anything so tragically quixotic as her Shakespeare enterprise," Carlyle warned Emerson. "Alas, there can be nothing but sorrow, toil and utter disappointment in it for her."

Delia withdrew into herself, "working at her Shakespeare Problem from the depths of her own mind," as Carlyle put it, "disdainful, apparently, or desperate, careless of all *evidence* from museums or archives." Cold and hungry, she huddled in bed through the winter composing her swelling manuscript. Only the charity of her landlord, a greengrocer named Walker, kept a roof over her head. Referring to herself as a scribe for Bacon and his group, she wrote to Butler for more money. Now in financial trouble himself, he responded with a final £50. When her manuscript was at last finished, Delia expected either Carlyle or Emerson to locate a publisher. After both tried and failed, she welcomed an offer from *Putnam's Magazine*, arranged by Emerson, to publish portions of her work. The first installment, in January 1856, brought her a check for fifty-five dollars; it was also the last. Her lively article, full of challenges to the Stratfordians—without any proof—sent a shock wave through the American literary community, and *Putnam's* cancelled the series.

I seem to be going down in sight of land, Delia wrote. "I have been performing that somewhat difficult feat of living in London without money . . . I am too tired to care much for living on my own account, but I should be glad to live until the work is finished." A letter to the American minister brought James Buchanan to her door, but she was too proud to beg. Reverend Bacon added to her despair, writing, "You know perfectly well that the great world does not care sixpence who wrote *Hamlet*." He urged her to convert her work into "a novel" that would sell. "I will not have my monomania converted

Bleste be ye man that spares these stones, And curst be he that moves my bones."

into a speculation," she vowed and termed her brother's letter "that assault upon my reason."

A plea to Nathaniel Hawthorne, American consul at Liverpool, brought him to her lodgings. Although now a penniless recluse, her old charm still worked, for Hawthorne promised to have her manuscript published. "It is a science the world is waiting for," she assured him, "a piece of history." Hawthorne not only paid the $1,100 publication costs, but, at the publisher's insistence, agreed to write a preface. "As to the case of 'the old Player' [another of Delia's epithets for Shakespeare]," Hawthorne warned her, "you will have to rend him out of me by the roots . . . if at all." What was his motive for backing her? "I feel you have done a thing that ought to be reverenced, and in devoting yourself so entirely to this object, whatever it is, and whether right or wrong . . . you have acquired some of the privileges of an inspired person and a prophetess, and that the world is bound to hear you."

Hawthorne paid dearly for his chivalry. "Let it be done quickly," he urged Francis Bennoch, the English merchant-poet-member of Parliament whom he persuaded to edit the manuscript, "for this poor woman will kill herself and worry me to death in the meanwhile." Bennoch's infinite patience and kindness, despite Delia's endless revisions and scorn for advice, led Hawthorne to remark, "If this man has not a heart, then no man ever had. Poor Bennoch sorted out chapters and even proposed the title. Exhausted by wrangles with Delia over his preface, Hawthorne dreamed up a better title, *A Rasher of Bacon*; "For it was more than rash of me to get the book published at all." Furious over his refusal to endorse her thesis, despite his praise for her intellect and industry and plea to the world to give her a hearing, she fumed, "If you are going to throw doubt on the oracle, I shall throw you off entirely . . . I consider myself a priestess . . . and I don't allow any skepticism or profane speeches within the lids of this book." Hawthorne vowed, "I will stand by her in spite of her nonsense." And he did—to the bitter end—but swore he would never be as kind to anyone again as long as he lived.

From Stratford-on-Avon, Shakespeare's birthplace, Delia wrote to Hawthorne in August 1856 announcing her presence there. "I am only an automaton obeying . . . the Power above that is working beneficently in all this." For three and a half years in England she had shunned any effort to secure external evidence to support her theory, and now she was in Stratford bent on the bizarre mission for which most people remember her—if they remember Delia Bacon at all. To locate the hidden documents she believed would finally and irrevocably disprove Shakespeare's authorship of the plays, she contemplated nothing less than rifling his tomb in Holy Trinity Church. "A delusion, a trick of the imagination that will be fatal to you,"warned Leonard Bacon.

Years later Hawthorne recalled how Delia had once briefly shared her delusion with him. Fastening her hypnotic gaze upon him, while tapping her forefinger on a volume of Francis Bacon's letters, she had whispered: "The evidence is in Shakespeare's grave . . . Bacon has left precise instructions how to deal with that problem—even how to approach the vicar of Holy Trinity Church." She had begun to "haunt the church like a ghost, but did not condescend to any strategem . . . to violate the grave . . . by the aid of a resurrection man," Hawthorne wrote. After a talk with the vicar she had convinced herself that "no obstacles would be interposed to her investigation." To Hawthorne she wrote of her resolve, "despite the fearful risk . . . enough to drive one mad . . . that I may find nothing there. I should fail in the obligations which have been imposed on me if I were to shrink now from this investigation for fear of personal consequences."

Late one September evening, Delia crept down the shadowy aisle of Holy Trinity Church with a dark-lantern in one hand and a small spade concealed beneath her shawl. Groping her way, she reached Shakespeare's grave on the floor in front of and just to the left of the altar. Setting down her lantern, she seated herself on the cold stone altar step to gaze transfixed at the slab beneath which lay the documents that would make her dream a reality. Suddenly she thought a muffled sound came from the rear of the church. Was someone watching? For several hours she contemplated the grave but made no move. Some time after midnight the sleepy sexton appeared, per their agreement, to escort her out and lock up the church.

After all her years of toil and self-denial, why did Delia Bacon's nerve fail her at the moment of truth? Was it the unseen watcher she suspected? Was it a flash of awareness as to the enormity she contemplated? Was it fear engendered by the legendary verse on Shakespeare's gravestone?

> *Good frend for Jesus sake forebeare,*
> *To digg the dust encloased heare:*
> *Bleste be ye man that spares these stones,*
> *And curst be he that moves my bones.*

Was it the wearing out at last of the courage, energy, and hope that had so long sustained her? Or was it that "fearful risk . . . enough to drive one mad" that she would find nothing there? Whatever it was, Delia was never the same again after her nocturnal vigil.

The following spring, *The Philosophy of the Plays of Shakspere Unfolded* entered the world: one hundred copies in Britain and five hundred in the United States. "Reviewers are busy with it," Bennoch reported pres-

Watched over by a bust of the immortal playwright and poet, Shakespeare's grave—still undesecrated—lies beneath the stone floor of Holy Trinity Church, Stratford-on-Avon. In this photograph the legendary verse that may have given Delia Bacon pause is hidden under a mass of floral tributes.

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ently, "but they are bothered by it. They cannot make it out." One English reviewer praised the "magnanimous irony" of Hawthorne's preface but suggested he had been "careful not to read" the text. Asked if he had caught the meaning of Miss Bacon's book, John Fiske of Harvard snorted, "There's none to catch!" Even Mr. Emerson, after loyally proclaiming the book "a literary feast," confessed, "it's very tragic to have such extraordinary ability made unavailable by some disproportion, or by some lack of somewhat which everybody else has." Indeed, Delia's book is tedious prose for even the most dogged reader. "To be trapped in mid-page," wrote one biographer, is "like being caught in an armed riot. The reader, cudgeled and bloodied by repetitive argument and phrase, staggers into long passages leading on and on into nowhere."

This ignominious reception of the work borne at such mental and physical cost to herself, as well as to Hawthorne's wallet, at last toppled the fragile tower of Delia's mind. Depression, delusions, suicidal tendencies, plus her landlord's demands for long overdue rent, brought in the authorities. Stratford's kindly mayor, a physician named David Rice, pitied her plight and wrote to Hawthorne, now on the Continent, concerning the American lady "in a very excited and unsatisfactory state, especially mentally," for whom he was making arrangements at a private asylum. Hawthorne's name had appeared in her papers as a friend. Twice over the faithful Hawthorne promised all Delia's expenses would be paid. In her lucid moments she was now begging to go home.

Providentially, in March 1858, Delia's nephew George, Leonard's son, stopped in England en route home from a China seas voyage as paymaster aboard a U.S. frigate. He traced his aunt to the asylum, where she recognized him on sight. Having sent most of his pay home, the youth sold his oriental curio collection to buy their passage back to America. "I must come home on my book," Delia had written. Instead, home she came, a broken woman on the arm of her gallant nephew. A year and a half later she was dead. Leonard suspected his sister's monumental literary labors had overtaxed her female brain, but her English physician maintained it was her "cowardly and brutal treatment" at MacWhorter's hands that had unhinged her mind.

In what might well be Delia Bacon's epitaph, her English editor, Francis Bennoch, once complimented her: "How few women—and I really think men—are able to dive so deep and soar so high as you . . . Rejoice and be happy, my kind friend." ★

Former English professor Allison Lockwood has contributed several articles to this magazine, as well as to such publications as Smithsonian *and* The Wall Street Journal. *For further reading she recommends Martin Pares'* A Pioneer: In Memory of Delia Bacon *(1958).*

Night of the Roper

Continued from page 17

he must send more U-boats before the Americans could recover—now or it would be too late forever! Finally, the Nazi government gave its half-hearted support, and Doenitz immediately began to prepare every U-boat he could find to send across the Atlantic.

On March 21, 1942, the *U-85*, commanded by Kapitanleutnant Eberhard Greger, left St. Nazaire, France, bound for America. This was to be the boat's fourth war cruise. Kaleun Greger, a respected member of the *Kriegsmarine* class of 1935, was an aggressive commander, the type who did not mind taking a chance for success and, therefore, the type Doenitz liked. With Greger's aggressive style, Doenitz was sure he would be successful in Operation *Paukenschlag*, or the "American Turkey Shoot" as his U-boat captains called it. After passing the harbor entrance, Greger took the *U-85* down. British aircraft were everywhere, seemingly knowing exactly where and when the U-boats attempted to break out of the French ports to the open sea.

The interior of the *U-85* was a jumble of men, equipment, and food. Even the spare water closet was packed with food, and several water tanks had been converted to carry diesel fuel. The men laughingly nicknamed the *U-85*, like the other Type VIIs crossing the Atlantic, their "Great German Floating Warehouse." The crew could hardly move through the narrow corridor without ducking something extra, whether it be a string of sausages or a rack of engine belts. All of it was necessary; once the *U-85* left St. Nazaire, she was on her own for at least a month.

Amidst the confusion, seaman Erich Degenkolb worked diligently with his shipmates to get the *U-85* organized. Although he carried out his duties, he was also looking after his stomach. On the *U-85*'s third war cruise, one in the North Atlantic that had taken the submarine close to New York City, Degenkolb had been seasick for almost a week. "Oh! Neptune!" he had wailed in his diary. "Badly seasick" and "No end to it." He prayed that the sickness would not return on this cruise. Fortunately, the *U-85* encountered only good weather the first few days out. Several times, Degenkolb and his mates were allowed to go up on deck, away from the ubiquitous odors of diesel fuel, molding food, and body sweat below. There they found, to their delight, the sea "as smooth as a table" and they were able to observe "magnificent sunrises." By the time some heavy weather had set in, Degenkolb had found, to his relief, that he had acquired his sea legs. A week out and whales were sighted. And a few days later, the cook baked a cake to celebrate their approach to American waters. The narrow corridors rang with patriotic as well as sentimental love songs. On their way to America to destroy or be destroyed, the men of the *U-85* were enjoying themselves immensely.

Rescue

On March 28, the *Roper* was patched well enough to go back on station. Three days of patrolling south toward Cape Lookout passed, with the soundman constantly making contact. The general quarters klaxon never seemed to stop. The red-eyed and short-tempered crewmen trudged sullenly back and forth to their stations. All that was seen was more drifting wreckage, life rafts, and bodies. Howe never considered stopping to pick up the bodies; they had neither time nor facilities for that.

Just after midnight the lookout reported seeing several white flashes in the dark. Cautiously, Howe ordered the *Roper* toward the signal and discovered a lifeboat crammed with twenty-seven survivors from the torpedoed MS *City of New York*. One of the survivors, a crewman, reported that the ship had sunk and that more lifeboats filled with terrified and wounded civilians were close by.

Howe knew that he had already taken a chance by bringing the *Roper* to a full stop at night. Certainly one and probably more U-boats were in the area. The *Roper* would be an easy target if a rescue operation was instituted. He considered the fact that the destroyer's mission was not, after all, to act as a rescue vessel. No one could blame him if he called for assistance from the *Dione* or any other small Coast Guard vessels, while he moved on to hunt for the U-boat that had done the damage. Still, for all his usual caution, Howe never had any doubts as to what he should and would do; the survivors must be brought on board.

Fortunately, because the *Roper* was the flagship of Destroyer Division 54, a physician, Dr. Winton H. Johnson, was aboard. Dr. "Johnny" was a calm presence on the old destroyer. He enjoyed the duty and the life at sea, sensing it to be the great adventure of his life. When the battered *City of New York* survivors were brought to him, he was ready. By 2:00 A.M., however, Dr. Johnson had lost his first patient, a badly burned crewman. Lacking a proper clinic, he had set up a temporary hospital in the officers' wardroom. As more survivors came aboard, Johnson wondered whether he would be able to handle them; his small medicine chest was already strained. Still, he kept working. It was that way all over the *Roper*. Men who had been so tired they were having trouble standing only minutes before were now alert and peering anxiously into the darkness. At last the *Roper* was doing something besides hunting and running from phantoms!

At 2:40 A.M., a red flare was spotted and the *Roper* soon stopped beside a life raft with several men clinging to it. Two more life rafts appeared out of the gloom just as the soundman yelled back a solid contact. It was a U-boat—the soundman was sure of it. Nervelessly, Howe kept the *Roper* stopped until nine more crewmen were picked up, and only then ordered a single depth charge dropped to cover the destroyer's slow movement forward. A few minutes later, another red flare exploded, and twelve more survivors were brought aboard. At 4:30 yet another flare drew the *Roper* to a lifeboat crammed with twenty-two survivors, one of them a newborn baby!

By hanging on to netting draped over the side, the *Roper*'s crew quickly formed a human chain to haul the

survivors up to the deck. One of those rescued was a small girl who was handed directly to Howe. The shivering child clung tightly to the commander as he carried her forward to a bunk in the officers' quarters. Howe laid the girl down on the bunk and placed a blanket over her. He suddenly found himself thinking of his own daughter, who was about the same age. Filled with sadness, anger, and frustration, he hurried back to the bridge. On deck, Dr. "Johnny" had taken an hours-old infant and wrapped it in a windbreaker and was watching incredulously as the baby's mother climbed up the cargo net under her own power. She was Mrs. Desanka Mohorovicic, wife of an official in the Yugoslavian government-in-exile.

When her husband had come to the United States, Mrs. Mohorovicic could not get a berth on the same ship. A month later, however, a berth on the *City of New York* had come open. Even though her baby was due in about a month, she decided to make the trip with her two-year-old daughter Vesna. She had almost made it, being twenty-three days out of port with two days to go, when the torpedo had struck. In minutes, Mrs. Mohorovicic had found herself in a crowded lifeboat giving birth to a son. It was only after the baby was born that the ship's doctor, with broken ribs and legs, managed to crawl from a life raft into her boat. Using scissors and a small first aid kit, the doctor sterilized as well as he could and cut the umbilical cord. Mrs. Mohorovicic took the baby, swaddled it in a turban offered by a fellow passenger, and leaned happily back while the other survivors stared at her, amazed at the pluck of the tiny woman.

Soon, Mrs. Mohorovicic, Vesna (the child Howe had carried to safety), and the healthy baby boy were bedded down in the officers' quarters. Once her nationality was determined, Harry Heyman was called on to speak to her, because he had grown up among people who spoke Serbo-Croation. Unable to remember the word for husband, Heyman asked her, "Where is your daughter's father?" Grinning, she explained and soon the answer spread throughout the ship: the *Roper* had rescued the wife of a Yugoslavian government official, later amplified to the ambassador to the U.S.A. And the crew almost burst with pride when Mrs. Mohorovicic decided to name her baby Jesse Roper after the nineteenth-century naval hero, Jesse Sims Roper, for whom the *Roper* was named. That night the bluejackets raised two hundred dollars for the baby.

All night long and well into the morning, Howe, his officers, and the crew continued to ignore their own peril to keep searching for survivors. Children ran up and down the destroyer's narrow corridors, and young women, nurses from South Africa and Holland, smiled and stopped to talk with the bedazzled crew. Late that night, the *Roper* proudly entered the Norfolk harbor with sixty-nine survivors from the *City of New York*. It was to be, perhaps, the proudest moment in the old warship's existence.

The U-85 Strikes

The *U-85* was a Type VII-B German submarine. Considered medium in size, she was only 218 feet long. The odor inside this "iron coffin," as the crewmen often referred to her, was sickening. Diesel fuel contaminated everything. Even the food and water tasted of it. Uncanned food rotted before it could be eaten. There was very little water aboard, and bathing was discouraged. Moreover, there was only one toilet for the entire crew; the second one was used for storage. The only way a crewman could escape the noise, stink, and cramped conditions was to be called on watch atop the conning tower when the U-boat surfaced. This was not only a welcome job but a necessary one. The *U-85*, like all German U-boats at that stage of the war, had no radar, and only the crew's eyes to spot the enemy.

On April 7, 1942, Kapitanleutnant Greger made an announcement: the *U-85* was three hundred nautical miles from land and, as he put it, "660 miles from Washington," close to her assigned area. A day passed as Greger maneuvered. The outside temperature dropped drastically until it was only a few degrees above freezing. On April 9, the watchman spotted a blinking light and Greger, thinking it was a ship, crashdived only to find a lighted buoy had fooled him. The next night, things went better. A lone freighter was spotted with its running lights on. Greger fired a fan of two torpedoes, both slamming into the Norwegian *Christine Knudson*, en route from New York to New Orleans. When the first of the torpedoes hit, the *Knudson* immediately caught fire. The second one set off a tremendous fireball of heat and flame. The freighter's crew quickly launched two lifeboats. But one of them, caught in the suction from the sinking ship, was pulled back into the flames. Horrified, the men in the other lifeboat could only pull away while their mates screamed in agony from the burning hell. Meanwhile, miles away, German diarist Erich Degenkolb, aware only that the *U-85* had successfully sunk a "steamer," proudly entered the sinking in his diary.

Kaleun Greger kept the *U-85* moving, trying to position the U-boat where he might catch the most traffic. Sticking to the tactical doctrine recommended by Admiral Doenitz, he kept his U-boat asleep on the bottom during the day, ignoring the sounds of ship traffic passing overhead, and then rose to the surface at night to hunt for ships. On the early morning watch of April 13, Erich Degenkolb climbed to the bridge of the conning tower and inhaled the fresh, cold Atlantic air. There were no targets, only "American beacons and searchlights visible at night." With this terse phrase written in his diary, Degenkolb had sensed the truth: as the *U-85* hunted for victims, so was the U-boat also being hunted—and by an enemy that was hungry for success and revenge.

The conclusion of *The Night of the Roper* will appear in the November issue. ★

Homer H. Hickam, Jr., is currently writing a book about the German U-boat campaign off the U.S. Atlantic Coast during World War II. His article in this issue is the result of numerous interviews with officers and crewmen of the USS Roper, *and research at the National Archives, U.S. Navy Historical Center, and the Mariners Museum.*

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History Bookshelf

In Search of Liberty: The Story of the Statue of Liberty and Ellis Island by James B. Bell and Richard I. Abrams *(Doubleday and Company, Garden City, New York, 1984; 128 pages, illustrated, paper, $10.95).*
Published to coincide with the approaching centennial of the Statue of Liberty, this well-illustrated book provides a good general overview of the monument's history, along with that of the nearby immigration center that was portal for twelve to sixteen million new Americans between 1892 and 1954. Readers seeking a more detailed account may wish to turn to *Statue of Liberty* by Oscar Handlin (*Newsweek,* 1971), or *The Statue of Liberty* by Marvin Trachtenberg (Viking Press, 1976).

One Last Look: A Sentimental Journey to the Eighth Air Force Heavy Bomber Bases of World War II in England by Philip Kaplan and Rex Alan Smith *(Abbeville Press, New York City, 1983; 216 pages, illustrated, $49.95).*
Evocative of the opening scenes from the motion picture *Twelve O'Clock High,* this beautifully illustrated and sensitively designed volume returns to now-long-abandoned U.S. Army Air Force bases in England, melding photographs from World War II with recent views of overgrown runways, rusting Nissen huts, and crumbling, ghostly control towers. Many of the photographs—including a number of rare wartime views—are in color. Thoroughly documenting the story of the Eighth Air Force command that carried out massive air raids on Europe (often at devastating cost to the Americans), the text and illustrations range from coverage of the air crews, bases, and B-17 and B-24 bombers to stories of the raids themselves. For anyone with an interest in World War II aviation, this fascinating large-format book will be worth the hefty price tag.

Domestick Beings by June Sprigg *(Alfred A. Knopf, New York City, 1984; 143 pages, illustrated, $17.95).*
This charmingly illustrated book traces the everyday lives of seven eighteenth-century women who confided to and chronicled in diaries and letters their thoughts and feelings about their roles as wives and mothers, and about their domestic duties. A farmer's wife, a small-town teenager, a midwife, a young Nova Scotian girl attending school in Boston, a lonely spinster, and President Adams' wife Abigail spin tales of giving birth, firing servants, picking cucumbers, enduring illness, making wine, burying the departed, and attending "wonderous dull" sermons. Said Aunt Bek Dickinson in 1789, "I have just finished reading a quare of Paper which was wrote by me in the year 1771 . . . my intent was to burn them after thay was looked over thay are wrote and Spelt so Poorly that it works me to See them yet I may be glad to look them over Some years hence." And so are her descendants delighted to look them over.

The Pathless Way: John Muir and the American Wilderness by Michael P. Cohen *(University of Wisconsin Press, Madison, 1984; 408 pages, $25.00).*
More than a biography of American ecological pioneer John Muir, Cohen's work traces Muir's "spiritual journey" through the mountains, in an attempt to determine the facts and mythology behind Muir's wilderness odyssey, his subsequent writings, and his political strategy. Infusing his own Sierra experiences and feelings about Muir into the work, Cohen explores important questions about the great naturalist: "Did Muir really develop an ecological perspective? Did he become truly enlightened while wandering in the Sierra? What happened to his enlightenment when he tried to bring it down from the mountains? Was he successful in the politics of conservation?" Ultimately, Cohen explains, Muir's vision led to concrete action, the result of which was a long campaign to develop America's ecological consciousness and to establish government protection of natural resources.

G-Men: Hoover's FBI in American Popular Culture by Richard Gid Powers *(Southern Illinois University Press, Carbondale, Illinois, 1984; 376 pages, illustrated, $20.00).*
During the 1930s, the American scene was rampant with notorious criminals like Legs Diamond and Al Capone, waging war against J. Edgar Hoover's "G-Men," who rose to national heroism in the public eye. Powers explores the rise and fall of these FBI men, who were idolized in movies, radio adventures, comics, and pulp magazines as Hoover and the entertainment industry combined forces to transform the bureau and its biggest cases into popular mythology. Later, the author points out, this action-hero image began to work against the FBI in the changing culture of the fifties and sixties. ★

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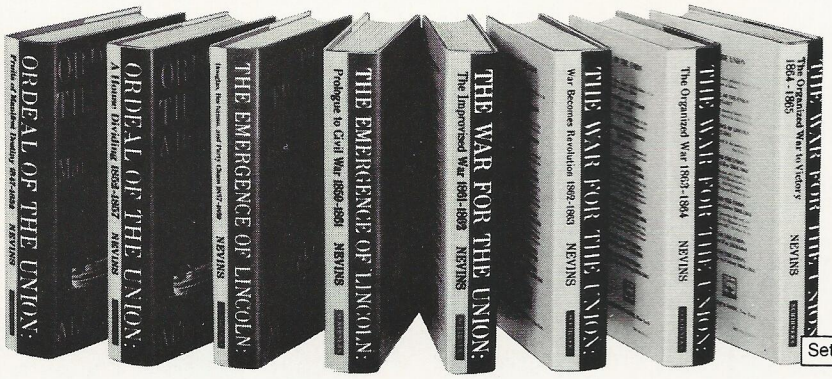

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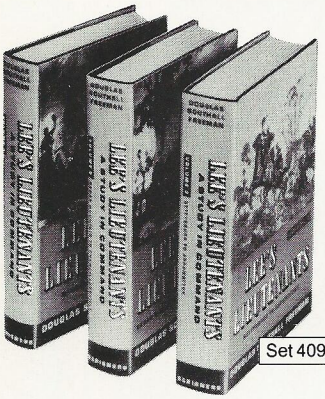

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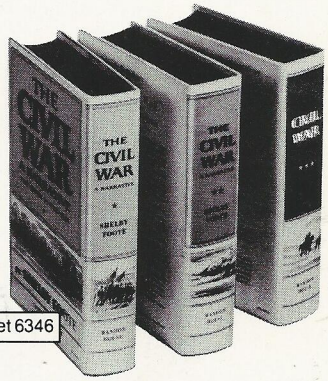

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